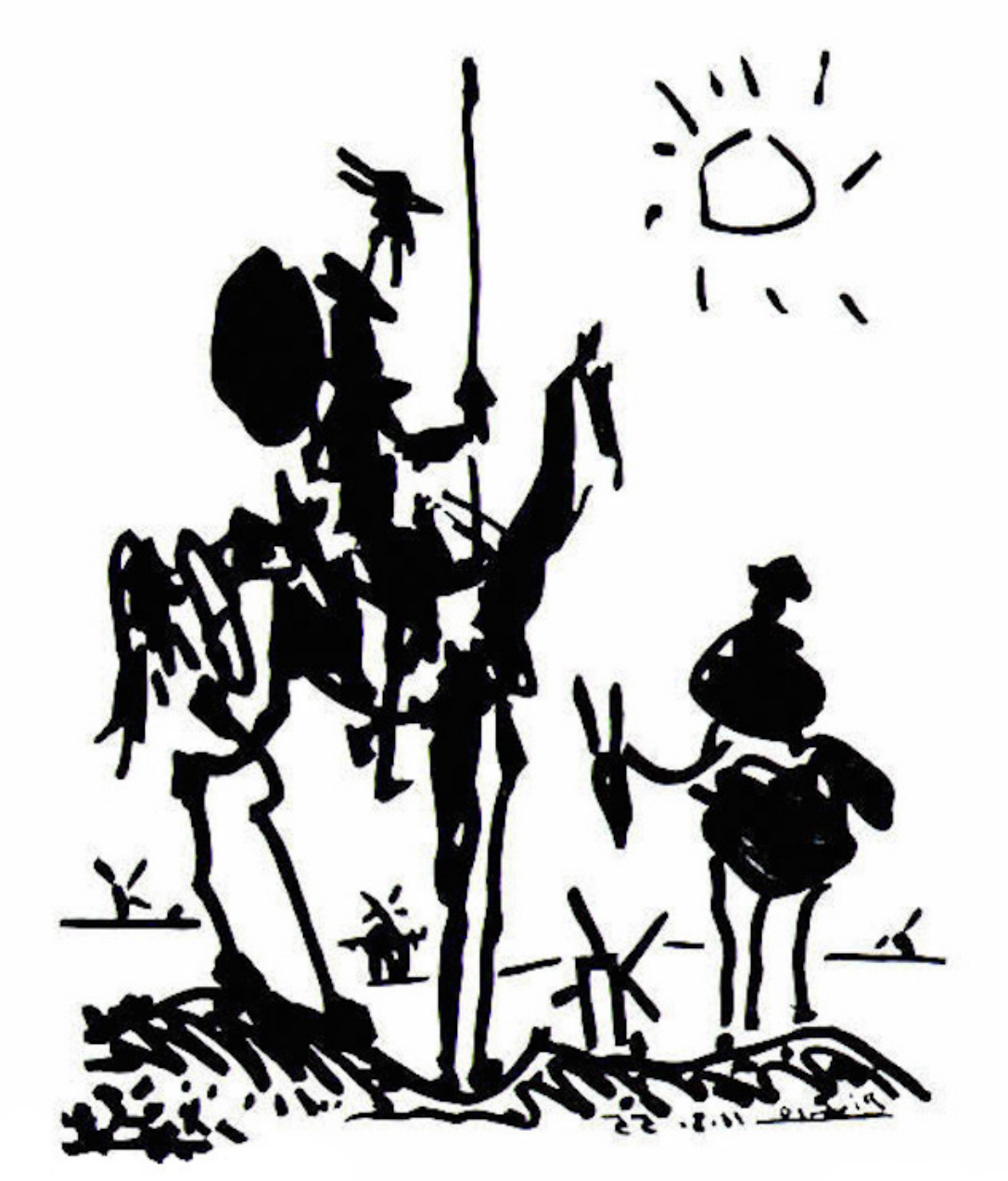
Breadcrumbs 2018

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Michael J. Holshouser
1112 Cedar Creek Drive, Unit 4
Modesto, California 95355-5213
The United States of America
mjholshouser@gmail.com

Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2018. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2015
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
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Imagination: The Great Usurper
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Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
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Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
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Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
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Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
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Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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The Real is Discovering
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To Be, or Not to Be
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Who Was the First?
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The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
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Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
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The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

When were You born?
When You exited your mother's womb?
When You were conceived by the union of sperm and egg?
When the etchings of life first began in some long, long ago primordial puddle?
When the quantum mystery first began forming into the universe?
And what makes You so sure You were ever born at all?
What makes You so sure You are anything more,
Than an imaginary dream of mind?

* * * *

Why have You never even once seen your face?
And how many ever-changing faces do You really have,
Across the indivisibility of your quantum infinity?

* * * *

There are consequences to action, or lack of action.
There are consequences to yes, to no, to maybe.
There are consequences to every turn of the card,
To every roll of the dice, to every spin of the wheel.
Every cause becomes effect, every effect becomes cause.
Creation becomes destruction, destruction becomes creation.
There is no end to the kaleidoscoping wheel of quantum persuasion,
But through awareness, that eternity, is but an unending, ephemeral moment.

* * * *

What to do, when meaning and purpose have lost their sheen, their raison d'être?
Examining the countless writings of seers and philosophers ,across all time and space,
It can be discerned, there are myriad arbitrary rhymes and reasons, to the myriad conclusions.
So, the answer is, as is so often the case in the vain ways of the monkey-mind: Whatever amuses You.

* * * *

It can be very challenging to be responsible for your actions,
Without being a puppet of duty, of obligation, of compulsion.

* * * *

The universe without, is confabulated by the machinations of the universe within.
A quantum tapestry, the cotton candy of imagination, spun from practically nothing.

* * * *

Death while living is the end to the incessant becoming,
Born of the intertwining dance between desire and fear.

* * * *

The awareness requires no self-imagery, whatsoever.
All notions of any identity, any self, immortal or otherwise,

Are nothing more than the perpetual ramblings of consciousness,
Of ever-churning imagination, playing, pretending, deluding itself real.
Neuron trails blazing away this way and that, coining illusion out of nothing.

* * * *

Meditation is its own goalless goal.
A tuning into the timelessness of time.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is nothing to take, there is nothing to give.
There is nothing to spend, there is nothing to save.
There is nothing to become, there is nothing to be.

* * * *

There is only one unborn-undying eternal moment,
And it is ever the indivisible prior-to-consciousness awareness,
Of the indelible, ineffable, ephemeral right here, right now.

* * * *

Without desire there is no fear; without fear there is no you.
Fear is the confabulator of all self-imagery, of all self-delusion.

* * * *

Wanting something from the other, wanting something of the other,
Is but fear's endless quest, to fill nothing with everything imaginable.

* * * *

Dead poets and such will undoubtedly influence many a thinker's existence,
But allow them to run it from the grave?
No.

* * * *

Only the rarest few get inexorably drawn down the rabbit hole less traveled.
Most mind their P's and Q's and hold fast as close as possible,
To whatever thoroughfare their minds allow.

* * * *

Any group, any individual,
Wanting everything for nothing,
Eventually find themselves with nothing.

* * * *

What has science become, but the cataloging of unending, mind-numbing minutia.
How far can it go, before all its technologies, finally leave it with nothing to grasp.

* * * *

Imaginary universe.

Imaginary world.
Imaginary You.

* * * *

Even in the inexorable face of complete and unutterable annihilation,
It is more than likely the greater portion of human beings,
Will fervently cling to their idolatrous notions,
Of one imaginary deity or another.

* * * *

Behavior codes, are as whimsical as dress codes.
To be constrained, by any limited mode of thinking,
Is but the conditioning, of a mind imprisoned in time.

* * * *

What was never born never dies, what never dies was never born.
Only consciousness endures the illusion of birth and death, and life between.
Only unborn-undying awareness, is timelessly, immortally changeless.

* * * *

Aging begets an ever-unfolding set of consequences,
For which compromise and adaptation are requisite.

* * * *

The subtlety of truth, is that it can never be grasped in any way imaginable,
Because it is prior to time, prior to space, prior to consciousness.
Utterly, indivisibly, timelessly, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

A dubious assumption.
Another dubious assumption.
Yet another dubious assumption.

* * * *

What are You, but immortal awareness,
Encased, ensnared, in a mind-body container,
Playing out a temporal meme born of imagination.

* * * *

So it goes.
Too bad.
So sorry.
Oh well.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

* * * *

Life goes on, there is no stopping it.
Facades and names change, narratives change,
But is ever the same on and on and on,
As timeless as it is time-bound.

* * * *

Corporal existence is a rolodex of ever-changing perceptions and values.
How any given mind sees, its self, its world, its cosmos,
Is never the same for long, if at all.

* * * *

Regarding human overpopulation,
It is not just an elephant in the room,
It is an elephant totally filling the room.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream.
The dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

Existence is chock-full of possibilities,
Of which any given mind discerns relatively few,
In its relatively brief statistical sampling.

* * * *

The Goldilocks Syndrome.
In winter, You miss summer; in spring, You miss autumn;
In summer, You miss winter; in autumn, You miss spring.
Discontent is a time-bound melancholy of its own making.

* * * *

Behind the illusory mask,
Behind the imaginary character,
A space, an emptiness, ever unknowable.

* * * *

When sensory-mind surrenders to the ever-present awareness,
The world, the universe, as it is imagined, disappears into a timelessness,
And the senses simply function, as the un-translated, un-rendered dreammakers, they are.

* * * *

According to Wikipedia:

Guṇa is a key concept in Hindu philosophy.
Depending on the context, it means "string, thread, strand",
Or "virtue, merit, excellence", or "quality, peculiarity, attribute, property".

According to this worldview, there are three gunas, that have always been,

And continue to be present in all things and beings in the world.

These three gunas are called:

Sattva is goodness, constructive, harmonious.
Rajas is passion, active, confused.
Tamas is darkness, destructive, chaotic.

According to Apple MacBook Pro dictionary:

Sattva is the quality of goodness, positivity, truth, serenity, balance, peacefulness, and virtuousness that is drawn towards Dharma and Jnana (knowledge).
Rajas is the innate tendency or quality that drives motion, energy and activity.
Tamas is the quality of inertia, inactivity, dullness, or lethargy.

In each and every thing, in each and every being, these forces uniquely blend.

What is your brew?

* * * *

The youthful pursuit of the many pleasures of mind and body,
Eventually leads to continual attempts to avoid its relentless wearing
– Exhausting, trying, tiresome, irksome, taxing, draining, grueling – tortures.

* * * *

Those who contemplate thoughts of this nature,
Are drawn to discerning and exploring the singularity,
In whatever way their nature-nurture dreamtime has in store.

* * * *

History is process, and process repeats its patterns, but never turns around.
Square one, is a long ago, before the ever-after of time, was ever conceived.

* * * *

The greed for more, more, more, and still more,
Is the driving force behind the human paradigm.
To be truly content with one's lot is rare, indeed.

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily give over its delusional dreamtime,
To the quietude of its original nature, of its timeless awareness,
In which it hither-thither, vainly moves like clouds in the sky.

* * * *

Awareness is aware of every point and particle of the manifest dreamtime.
It is aware of every kaleidoscoping quantum-matrix moment, throughout all eternity.
The many creations it omnisciently witnesses, are aware of it only rarely, if ever.
To awaken to the awareness, the indelible mystery within and without,

To wander through the dreaming, conscious of the omniscience,
Is a center stage role, open to all, but ascertained by few.

* * * *

People come and go in your existence, in every imaginable way, from sweet, to tepid, to bitter.
The brew can be intoxicating or depressing, memorable or scarcely remembered,
But all contribute to your frame of reference, your wily bag of tricks.
Your memories, ranging from passionate to indifferent,
From affection to mourning to loathing.
The churning of thoughts in your mind, is but a dream,
But how You perceive it, how You comprehend it, is how You roll with it.

* * * *

Any game of monopoly naturally leads to a level of greed,
That cannot be undone but by starting over,
And that is only rarely allowed,
And then only through great determination,
Often fused with great violence, and even greater suffering.

* * * *

Never too late to expand that self-absorbed horizon,
That frame of reference, that perspective born of limitation,
To which so many so narcissistically, hedonistically, mindlessly cling.

* * * *

Awareness is the unknowable underpinning of all intelligence.
Creation, is but the sequential progression of its eternal quantum potential,
For dreaming, whatever its kaleidoscoping matrix of a no-mind mystery, has in store.

* * * *

That voice in your head, is nothing more than a recording,
Of imagination's response to its nature-nurture conditioning.

* * * *

Those for whom the limelight is never bright enough,
Those whose avarice can never be satiated,
Those driven to rule over others,
Are caught in a web of self-absorption,
A blaze of vain notion, that cannot be quenched,
No matter how inconceivably successful the undertaking.

* * * *

Curious so many believe Jesus is going to save them,
When he could not even manage to save himself as more than a myth.
Besides which, every living thing already has eternal life,
So what is there to save, what is there to lose?

* * * *

To fully perceive, that You are not this manifestation, is an unending challenge.
The manifest theater, is ever an enticing, hypnotic, call of the sirens.
It is not at all easy to meander in unconditional solitude,
Hypnotized as You are, by cultural paradigms,
Founded upon genetic predisposition,
Towards tribal alliances with individuals and groups,
That evolved through natural selection, in the fierce jungles of long ago.

* * * *

What is politics, but someone offering others whatever they want,
In exchange for something tangible or intangible in return.
A win-win game for them, and perhaps even for a great many others.
But for the rest, well, they will just have to sort it out on their own, will they not?

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.
And, however it may unfold,
If You are contemplating thoughts such as these,
Your destiny may well be, to be an unfathomable eye, of this ineffable dream.

* * * *

The irony and paradox of eternal life, is that the living is in the dying.
So obvious, so clear, guileless, as to be unintelligible,
To all but the most astute eye and ear.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, will consume your body, your mind, your dream, as it does everything else.
The real You, however, is eternally immortal, indivisible, untouched, ever aware.
It is That, which is never born; That, which never dies.

* * * *

The cosmos is indifferent to its myriad dreams, yours included.
The truth is that only imagination cares, only imagination bothers.
Your existence is a jest, an absurdity, to which the most sober response,
Is a great dollop of irony and doubt, especially toward your fictional persona.

* * * *

The true believer, no matter the belief, is caught in the web of space and time,
And can never realize that the meme is but a dream.
That freedom is but a word.

* * * *

No one has ever, could ever, see it the way You have.
Your aloneness is very much equal, to all the aloneness,
Every other sentient being, has ever, or will ever, endure.

* * * *

The joy of aging is spending more and more time,

Dealing with all the consequences of whatever You have done,
With your, very time-bound, very timeless, very unfathomable dreamtime.

* * * *

The many God games.
The Jesus games, the Buddha games,
The Krishna games, the Lao Tzu games, the Moses games,
The Mohammed games, the whatever else games.
Games, games, games, nothing more.

* * * *

You want tranquility?
Let go all passion.
Still the mind.

* * * *

Many people who believe themselves deserving would do well to remember,
That many if not most entitlements, are privileges, not rights.
Not something to expect will always be there.

* * * *

Disengage from the patter of mind.
Dive into the still depths of awareness.

* * * *

Every sentient creature,
Each very much timelessly alone,
Suffers existence in its own very unique way.

* * * *

Awareness is not at all concerned, with what part, what capacity, it is allotted, or for how long.
It will perceive, it will witness, without attachment, whatever way the winds of nature-nurture blow.

* * * *

To perceive the human paradigm,
As anything more than a temporal fabrication of vanity,
Is to miss the indivisible, unblemished, immortal awareness, permeating all eternity.
The illusory quantum dreamtime, is but a means to all the endings,
That are harvested from all the beginnings,
None of which ever really-truly,
Even once happened.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, seemingly offers every imaginable distraction,
To seduce hungry minds, away from discerning the mystery permeating all creation.
Perhaps a rare few are not beguiled at all, and others awaken only after long and winding quests,
But most are adrift, in the labyrinth of vanity and greed, for their entire etch of a dream.
Gorging in every conceivable way, to fill the emptiness that cannot be filled.

Racing to their mortal ends, still ravenous for more, more, more.

* * * *

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit
59 Moments to History
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Buddha

59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace

59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments to Ad Infinitum
59 Moments to Et Cetera
59 Moments … To Be Continued

* * * *

You are the mystery, eternally infinite, indelible, alone.
All else, all other, all new, all old, all anything, all everything,
Are but imaginary notions, no matter how seemingly real and true.
Time and space, are but illusion, fashioned by the sensory quantum mind.
This ever-present, ever-motionless, unborn-undying moment, is all there truly is.
All experience, all knowledge, all reflection, is ultimately, but an inconsequential dream.

* * * *

Even the most subtle words, the most intricate explanations, cannot encapsulate reality,
For that which is indivisible, is prior to all things born of the imaginary mind.
It is only in the prior-to-consciousness awareness of the no-mind,
In which the earnest seeker of truth, can find solace.

* * * *

The attributes of mental and physical health,
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:
Acuity, adroitness, agility, alertness, athleticism, balance, brawniness, cardio, tone,
Concentration, coordination, core, drive, energy, fitness, dexterity, discipline, durability, dynamism,
Ease, efficiency, effortlessness, élan, endurance, energy, equilibrium, fitness, flexibility, fluidity,
Grit, gumption, hardiness, healthiness, ingenuity, litheness, liveliness, might, muscularity,
Nimbleness, poise, potency, power, proficiency, quality, quickness, reaction, resilience,
Resoluteness, robustness, self-assurance, sharpness, skill, slickness, speed, spryness,
Stability, stamina, staying power, steadiness, strength, sturdiness, suppleness,
Swiftness, toughness, velocity, verve, vigor, vitality, vivacity, willpower.
Best not leave wellbeing to chance, if You wish to live long and well.

* * * *

The ego, the id, the superego, the character, the persona, the self – call it what You will –
Is nothing more, than the sum of imagination's attachments to all the memories, all the perceptions,
All the recordings, in which it harbors the frame of reference, to which it invariably clings.
The echoing, that plays over and over, as identity, as individuality, as exceptional.
The inexplicable saga, born of evolution, the I-am-this-I-am-not-that,
In which the human paradigm, perpetually finds fusion.

* * * *

What You are is a quantum configuration.
What could possibly be real or true about that?
Is a statue carved of marble, the statue, or the marble?
Enjoy the magical mystery tour, as best ye may,
But try to remember, at least occasionally,
A dream is all it is, was, will ever be,
In the indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

How big is big? How small is small?
And when it comes down to it,
How tall are You tall?

* * * *

So, You believe You know what normal is,
And I suppose, You think You are, too, eh?

* * * *

Even at the conclusion of this mortal game, what is left but more of the Seven Deadlies.

Pride and Envy and Gluttony and Lust and Wrath and Greed and Sloth.
More passion, more vanity, more of this, more of that.
And here You are, already so chock-full of the insatiable meaninglessness,
That the appetite for more, has lost all significance, as anything more than monotonous habit.

* * * *

What is the human race, but a cancerous paradigm,
Voraciously bent, both consciously and unconsciously,
On consuming the incredible diversity of this garden world,
In every way, through every means, for every purpose imaginable.

* * * *

If there is truly is no other,
If it truly is naught but a dream,
What part of it, is there to experience?
What part of it, is there to connect?
What part of it, is there to save?

* * * *

The scientists have all their hypotheses and theories.
The mathematicians have all their definitions, axioms, theorems, and proofs.
The philosophers have all their rational arguments, and the meditators have all their zafus and walls,
And all, in the final analysis, find themselves roaming about the same diddly-squat.

* * * *

The no-mind is a state of awareness, a state of perfect detachment,
In which the sensory illusion timelessly kaleidoscopes with nary a trace.
It is a state prior to consciousness, a state prior to all creation, all destruction.

* * * *

Civilizations across all times, all geographies,
Have been established upon every imaginable assumption.
None have long withstood the countless trials, the continuous friction,
With which they have been every moment, berated and battered by consciousness.

* * * *

All this knowledge that humankind has fabricated,
All these words, all these numbers, all these notes, all these whatever;
The challenge is to stir them, mingle them, blend them, into their quantum indivisibility,
And discern the illusionary matrix in which they timelessly dance.

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness, is also prior to physics.
The quantum theater is but a kaleidoscoping theater of light and sound.
Much ado, weaving through the timeless-spaceless, of the ever-present awareness.

* * * *

People of all ages addictively searching their many screens,

Is akin to watching dogs getting jerked on their choke chains.

* * * *

What is the worship of one deity or another,
But the great dread's attempt to grasp, to contain,
The indivisible, the nothingness, the emptiness, the void,
With the ever-hollow hope for more, more, more.

* * * *

What is thought, what is imagination, what is creativity, what is fear,
But an instinctive response of the given brain to oxygen deprivation.

* * * *

What domino, or combination of dominos, will trigger the collapse?
Will it be natural causes: solar flare, comet, volcanic eruption, climate change?
Will it be human causes: overpopulation and shortages of food, water, and other resources?
Biospheric breakdown, pandemic, economic or technological collapse, nuclear or biological holocaust?
How interesting it would be to have that science-fictional time machine.
Meanwhile, speculation abounds.

* * * *

Greed is core motivation for humankind.
Consciousness's insatiable voraciousness for more,
Will not be tempered by any force, but its inevitable extinction,
Whether by natural cause, or of its own machination.
It is only a question of when and how, not if.

* * * *

Yet another meaningless act: aimless, blank, carrying-no-great-weight,
Empty, futile, having-no-effect, hollow, incoherent, incomprehensible, inconsequential,
Insignificant, insincere, irrelevant, pointless, purposeless, senseless, throwaway,
Trivial, trifling, unimportant, unintelligible, vain, valueless, worthless.

* * * *

Do what You gotta do.
See what You gotta see.
Feel what You gotta feel.
Hear what You gotta hear.
Taste what You gotta taste.
Smell what You gotta smell.
Think what You gotta think.
Be what You gotta be.

* * * *

Be what You gotta be.
Do what You gotta do.
See what You gotta see.
Feel what You gotta feel.

Shit what You gotta shit.
Like what You gotta like.
Love what You gotta love.
Play what You gotta play.
Hate what You gotta hate.
Hear what You gotta hear.
Taste what You gotta taste.
Think what You gotta think.
Sweat what You gotta sweat.
Dream what You gotta dream.
Breathe what You gotta breathe.
Consume what You gotta consume.
Believe what You gotta believe.
Smell what You gotta smell.
Own what You gotta own.
Toss what You gotta toss.
Kill what You gotta kill.
Die what You gotta die.

* * * *

It is rarely a smart idea to plant yourself in any of Mother Nature's many danger zones.
And if You are so imprudent, always be prepared to batten down the hatches,
Or sprint very hard, very quickly, in one right direction or another.

* * * *

Being the moment is effortless awareness.
Imagination ever clings to its own creation, its own illusion.
Let go everything, forget everything, rest alone in the timelessness You truly are.

* * * *

Greedy for status, greedy for fortune, greedy for power, greedy for history.
What is the human paradigm, what is the human archetype,
But a precarious cliff of its own making.

* * * *

Yet another domino a-quivering away,
As the world careens madly towards the wall of dissolution,
And not even the hint of squealing brakes.

* * * *

Is the journey to eternity a long and winding road,
Or merely the right-here-right-now of this ever-present moment?
Imagination or awareness, You every moment choose.

* * * *

What is release, but letting go everything imagined, and merely being.
It is the first and last freedom, it is the one and only freedom.
It is the immaculate awareness prior to consciousness.

Tranquil, limitless, sentient, mindful, absolute.
That which is prior to birth and death,
Prior to space, prior to time.

* * * *

Would our ancestors applaud or kill us,
For what we have done to their garden?

* * * *

Pay very close attention.
Enjoy it, endure it, as ye may.
Time passes very, very immediately,
Always materializing brand spanking new,
In the very right here, very right now.

* * * *

Today is the same as it was yesterday, as it will be tomorrow.
This moment is the same as the last moment, as it will be the next.

* * * *

Do not uncritically believe everything you are told.
Contrary to folklore, lemmings do not mindlessly jump off of cliffs.
The truth is, they tend to drown swimming across rivers.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory.
Pay attention to the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
Endure and enjoy this brief dreamtime as best ye may.
Time does not exist, but, looking back, passes very quickly.

* * * *

For anyone who runs out of agenda, who runs out of meaning and purpose,
What else is there to do, but return to the sanctity of the timeless beingness,
The solitary awareness, the indivisibility of totality, that is witness within.

* * * *

Let go at least some of the avarice, some of the time.
Give as much as your penny-pinching miserly self allows.

* * * *

The food industry will be only too happy to harm, even kill You,
For their bottom line manifesto, for their bottom line gratification.

* * * *

If You run or stand or sit or lie absolutely present in the here now,
Unattached to, unburdened by, any thoughts, any things,
Breathing in, breathing out, in perfect awareness,
The nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but,

You will realign with the simplicity, the grace, the harmony,
The indivisible, the eternal virtuousness, that nature every moment is.

* * * *

What many do not seem to grasp about the evolution of medicine,
Is that participating in any medical procedures, taking any medications,
Means they are essentially participating as lab rats in the evolution of science.
That the outcome contributes to the never-ending statistical progression of research.
And comprehend it or not, like it or not, not participating in the process,
Is, in its own wayward way, also contributing to the evolution.

* * * *

Counting the moments, how silly is that?
Like tallying grains of sand, or stars in the sky.
A reliable way to keep the mind interminably occupied,
But otherwise pretty darned meaningless in the futility of it all.

* * * *

Every time You awaken from a long night's peaceful slumber, or even a pithy siesta,
Your nature-nurture frame of reference, reimagines its temporal rendering of the cosmos.
A quantum mystery that has churned quite efficiently, quite effortlessly, while You were absent.

* * * *

Vanity, and the ceaseless greed, for more, more, more,
Is the ever-churning, insatiable destiny of the human paradigm.
There is no way to prevent it, no way to mitigate it, no way to avoid it.
How far it will go, or how it will end, is anybody's guess,
But rest assured, it will not be pretty.

* * * *

Nature is permeated with an eternal grace,
That consciousness, through knowing, can never attain.
Only in full awakening and surrender, to the underlying awareness,
Can any ever realign with the ultimate reality, upon which all creation functions.

* * * *

How inevitably absurd, asinine, banal, bizarre, blah, bland, boring, characterless,
Childish, colorless, corruptible, daft, deadly, dry, dreary, dull, dullsville, empty, farcical,
Flat, frustrating, futile, hare-brained, hollow, ho-hum, humdrum, idiotic, illogical, impractical,
Inane, incongruous, insipid, irksome, irrational, juvenile, lackluster, lifeless, ludicrous, meaningless,
Mind-numbing, monochrome, monotonous, mundane, not up to much, pathetic, pointless, puerile,
Purposeless, repetitive, ridiculous, 'same old, same old', senseless, silly, soul-annihilating, stale,
Stodgy, strange, stupid, tame, tedious, tired, tiresome, tiring, trite, trivial, trying, uneventful,
Unexciting, uninspiring, uninteresting, uninvolving, unrelieved, unvaried, vulnerable,
Wearing, and generally wishy-washy, the human paradigm has so often become.

* * * *

Self is awareness, awareness is Self.

Timeless, indivisible, unborn-undying, pristine, absolute.
Entirely indifferent to, completely untouched by, any and all imaginary fabrications.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable quantum nature of eternity,
That the senses forever lull all but the most judicious minds,
Into a hypnotic state of unavoidable delusion.
Surely as indelibly binding as the instinctual patterning,
Of any other creature this ineffable garden orb has ever fashioned.

* * * *

How is it that humankind has not clearly embraced,
An infinite vision of that which many call God?
A vision that includes anything, everything.
A holistic vision that includes even You.

* * * *

How clearly You discern Self,
Depends how absolutely You can detach,
How far You can stand back, how deep You can dive.
The heart of awareness is a very still state.

* * * *

Any leadership is a reflection of its electorate,
And that can be exceedingly scary at both ends.

* * * *

The lotus blossoms alone, sovereign, absolute.
Be a lotus.

* * * *

Like You are supposed to be forever,
Or even could be forever absorbed and infatuated,
With endless weavings of absurd chatter and other distractions.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable nature of eternity's quantum play,
That the senses ever hypnotize the deluded mind, into believing it all real and true.

* * * *

Wealth is a state of mind.
The richest man in the world resides,
In a refugee camp in a lost corner of the world.

* * * *

Everyone responds to their beginning and middle and endgame in their own unique way.
How could vanity, with all its narcissistic and hedonistic notions, play it any other way?

* * * *

Timeless awareness is ever usurped by time-bound imagination.
Awareness is unborn, awareness is undying, awareness is eternal life.
Imagination is but a reverie of past and future, imagination is eternal death.
Knowledge and identification are artificial, knowledge and identification are dead.
To exist in the present, to exist unequivocally, to exist eternally, one must forget everything.

* * * *

Despite all the zeroes, to which the legions of number crunchers subscribe,
Only illusions that the quantum mystery deigns be measured, are measurable.

* * * *

If You want true civilization, You must behave civilly.
History across the board, across time, again and again,
Shows the alternative much less nice, much less pretty.

* * * *

To leave time on the table,
Or not to leave time on the table.
That may well someday be the question.

* * * *

Nobody can actually more than superficially care about You.
Ultimately, You are very much alone, every moment of existence.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Small talk, large talk, any talk, what difference, really?
The ubiquity of chitter-chatter can indeed be insufferable.

* * * *

The adoration, the veneration, the exaltation, the deification, of vanity and greed,
Is mutating the human paradigm, the human condition, the human affliction, the human debacle,
To the lowest common denominator, that imagination is capable of fostering.

* * * *

What would it be like to be the last human being?
Every other two-legged dead and gone,
As alone, as alone could ever be.

* * * *

You do not exist as anything but a temporal figment of imagination.
You are an invention of a neuron trail evolved of an indivisible mystery,
To which all genesis is nothing more than illusion from quantum square one.

* * * *

It is this moment in which all decisions are made.
It is only subjective patterning that sets any course.

* * * *

Science allows much greater breadth and depth, than any other belief system,
And in its purest methodology, has no creed, no dogma, but never-ending investigation.
To settle for less, is to settle for the ceaseless inanities of endless delusions,
Harbored by those who seek to paint everything black and white,
Those incapable of embracing the gray, the mystery is.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of the perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time, and contrived mind into every permutation of Self, imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

* * * *

You can do pretty much anything, get away with pretty much anything, once in a while,
But You cannot do anything all the time, especially when there are fill-in the-blank billion people,
Twenty-four hours a day, three hundred sixty-five days a year, until extinction we do depart.

* * * *

Consciousness is ever fabricating one imaginary more-more-more or another.
Whether tangible or intangible, the indivisible quantum space and time matrix-theater,
Can never be more than a kaleidoscoping light and sound show,
No matter the claim, no matter the assertion.

* * * *

If You must have certainty,
If You must have belief,
If You must have faith,
Let it be in the now,
And try to keep up.

* * * *

The forebrain is a movie screen.
Upon which You play again and again,
The imaginary perceptions You call your life.

* * * *

What else could anything else be but You in yet another form.
Whatever the size and shape of that which is indivisible,
There is, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

Call it worry, call it stress, call it anxiety,
Call it dread, call it fear, call it panic, call it terror, call it horror,
It all comes about because your circumstance is mesmerized, your situation is immobilized,
By the evolutionary nature-nurture context of the given mind-body.

Fear finds no harbor in pure awareness.

* * * *

Every cause becomes effect; every effect becomes cause.
Agony and ecstasy are a spectrum, a gamut, a pendulum of outcomes.
The wider the span, the wider the continuum, the more extreme the pains and pleasures.
The narrower the range, the scope, the more moderate the consequences.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a dream of awareness,
Played out in a mortal-quantum-space-time-sensory-mind-body.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

All the mythical creations born of the human paradigm mean diddly-squat.
All are imagined, all are fictitious, all are delusional, from any get-go.
Nothing more than the quest of consciousness, for a sanctuary that can never be.
To be attentive, unassuming, vulnerable, to the ever-kaleidoscoping moment, is the truest way.

* * * *

Human consciousness is a vast, ever-churning ocean of metaphors and analogies.
All of which, despite all their sound, despite all their fury,
Ultimately mean diddly-squat.

* * * *

You are now.
You are awareness.
You are unborn-undying.
You are That I Am.

* * * *

The entire human drama, is really nothing more than mundane quantum fiction.
A fact that will be proven to no one, as soon as the last human standing departs.

* * * *

We quarrel over this, we quarrel over that.
Self-interest is the primal reality that governs all hearts and minds.
Self-interest is the instinctual force, that sentences us and our world, to purgatory and oblivion.

* * * *

Doing something, doing nothing, what difference, really,
But a brief outburst in the mindscape of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Always a good idea to allow the body to rid itself,
Of its poisonous sewage whenever the urge arises.

* * * *

Politician: Someone who, with or without any qualification, any talent,
Believes s/he can and should lead You, in whatever way corruption deigns.

* * * *

Any belief system that promotes dualistic notion is pure delusion,
And deserves absolutely no consideration, no argument, no regard, whatsoever.
Truth is indivisible, and any division, any boundary, is nothing more than human nonsense.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what You are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is You.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind,
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

* * * *

Brush away the many artifices of mind, of consciousness,
And what is left but uncontaminated awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Pretty rough being born on either end of any spectrum.
Rich or poor, famous or unknown, powerful or powerless.
All have their variations, their permutations, their gyrations.
There is no existence without trials and tribulations,
But the middle deviations of any bell curve,
Generally, beget fewer consequences.

* * * *

First You must realize, that all that ambition for more, is nothing,
And then perchance, You will realize that all that nothing, is You.

* * * *

In the relentless tug of war between consciousness and awareness,
Sometimes You see clearly, sometimes You do not.
So it goes, dust off, move on.

* * * *

What are groups and hierarchies and middlemen, but tollbooths,
To the freedom, that has ever been yours, from any imaginable get-go.

* * * *

Awareness is the timeless, spaceless, unborn, undying, right here, right now, moment,
Which human consciousness, ever grapples to define and explain and analyze and categorize,
And evaluate and capture and predict and limit and expand and mythologize, in every imaginary way.
You are inexorably drawn into the delusionary morass, of the illusion inspired by the senses.
The indefinable is indefinable; what is not obvious, not unequivocal, about that?

* * * *

Imagination is a passing interloper, a fleeting usurper, of eternity.
Space-time is but the distracting illusion of consciousness.
An evolutionary hiccup in the unwritten chronicles,
Of the quantum mystery's pathless nature.

* * * *

Food is just food, when the tongue is just a tongue.
Whether You live to eat, or eat to live,
Moderation is ever key.

* * * *

There is nothing more to become,
Than what You are, have ever been, will ever be.
All else, all other, is imagined.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow.
Maybe the day after tomorrow.
Maybe next week, next month, next year, or maybe never.
What matter, really?

* * * *

Imagination.
Nothing more.
Nothing less.
Nothing but.

* * * *

To delve into your cosmos, for all its who-what-where-when-why-hows,
Is absorbing, but in the end, matters not even one hair on a donkey's ass.

* * * *

To allow inner peace to fully spread its wings,
To let go all the cravings, all the fears,
What a precious gift to Self,
And why not?

* * * *

Do not just say yes, do yes.

Do not just say no, do no.
Do not just say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

Down the Rabbit Hole,
Until there is no Rabbit Hole,
And only a Cheshire Cat's grin remains.

* * * *

Can anyone's world view, anyone's life perception,
Ever really change, really evolve, really modify, past a certain point,
Beyond the scope of nature-nurture's given potential.

* * * *

Say yes, do yes.
Say no, do no.
Say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

It is the mind no longer enticed by the sensory paradigm,
Done with the dreamtime fabrications of imagination,
That returns to the immaculate eternal awareness,
That it is … has always been … will ever be.

* * * *

To be an explorer of consciousness,
You must be an intrinsic part of the experimental process.
The observer and the observed, the perceiver and the perceived, are one in the same.
There is no other.

* * * *

The Faceless One is the one who looks within,
And unequivocally recognizes the indivisibility of all creation.
The one who pierces through all illusion, through all space, through all time,
And logically, rationally, without doubt, discerns there is no other.

* * * *

What is temporal consciousness but a contraction,
A wrinkle, an oscillation, an ebb-and-flow, a once-in-a-while, a now-and-again,
In the immaculate, immeasurable, ever-present awareness.

* * * *

An unfathomable whodunit, an unfathomable whatdunit,
An unfathomable whereduni t, an unfathomable whendunit,
An unfathomable whydunit, an unfathomable howdunit,
Inexplicably, insolubly, impenetrably, come to life.
An unfathomable nodunit, all the while.

* * * *

What is death but the dissolution of consciousness,
The dissolution of all light, all dark, all pleasure, all pain,
All confabulations of the mind born of imagination.

* * * *

All these seers, mystics, prophets, teachers, call them what You will,
Would whatever they say, have ever occurred to You, on your own?

* * * *

We all gotta be born somewhere.
We all gotta exist somewhere.
We all gotta die somewhere.

* * * *

Hearing that they are far more, far less, than their fictitious little egos,
Is not something, most have either the capacity or interest, in fathoming.

* * * *

The indivisible spaceless-timeless-changeless, is the only eternal reality.
It never happened, if it does not happen every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

The entire cosmos, including this garden world, including You,
Are as insignificant as a particle of dust, on a grain of sand,
On a dry cow paddy, in the middle of a desolate desert,
That no deity worth its brackish, would ever trouble about.

* * * *

There is no point,
There never was a point,
Nor will there ever be a point,
No matter how hard You imagine it so.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, all form, all light, all shadow,
Is but a temporal perception of the mind born of mystery,
In which the quantum ground every moment seamlessly weaves,
An ever-changing timeless tapestry of creation-preservation-destruction.
An eternal play to which You are center-stage witness in every form imaginable.

* * * *

Human beings have five senses dialed into their central processing unit.
Even if there were more or less, it would only expand or lessen the perception,
Of an always spaceless, always timeless, always illusory, holographic dream of time.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning in the same mind-body as yesterday.
Same thoughts, same gender, same language, same surroundings,
Same programming, same self-imagery, same appetites, same endorphins.
Mesmerized, You suited up, put on the game face, and stepped out into your dream.

* * * *

How can a dream, as tangible, as substantial as it may seem, ever be measured?
Even science, incisive as it for all practical purposes appears to be,
Is ultimately little more than another fallacious creed.
The mystery is the mystery is the mystery,
Eternally inscrutable,
No matter how penetrating the mind.

* * * *

What to do in today's offering: Watch, listen, taste, smell, feel,
Whatever lights, whatever sounds, the fairy dust of the mystery may churn.
Try not to get all wrapped up in the mind's hobbling propensity for desire, fear, dread.
Let go all You think You know, just be the pure awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

The mind is a ravenous creature,
And the awareness You truly, timelessly are,
Must discern the wisdom of self-control to reign it well.

* * * *

Imagine if the gladiator contests of Rome had been televised.
Close-ups of men and animals, in savage, bloody, lethal competitions.
With slow-motion replays of indescribably painful moments of extermination.
And the mob – eating hot dogs, drinking beer – roaring for its favorites.
Thumbs up or down, so many circuses born of the human mind.

* * * *

You think, therefore You think You exist.
You think, therefore You think You are real.
You think, therefore You think You will ever be.
Think again.

* * * *

How challenging for the mind to switch off its endless quest for security,
For more of every this and that imaginable, in its temporal sensory theater.

* * * *

What has been, has always been, and not been.
What will be, will always be, and not be.
All nothing more than quantum essence come to life,
Playing out an ever-streaming, temporal dream of space and time.

* * * *

Right now … What are You seeing and hearing and tasting and smelling and feeling?
What are the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the skin, but sensors of the carbon-based kind.
What is real, and what is not real … And need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Shopping, shopping, shopping, shopping.
Buying more than You are well beyond needing.
The never-ending rapaciousness of the insatiable mind.

* * * *

Every human being ever born, has within many potentials.
From fool to sage and every character between, an intricate tapestry is woven.
No one is more or less important than any other, for all are equal in the crest-jewel of consciousness.
The great challenge is to carry on without regret, without remorse, without shame.
And also, without the arrogance of pride and its endless hypocrisies.
Not easy to be so flawed, but it is authentic, it is true.

* * * *

Suicide is about being done with your universe and all the vanities.
All the agonies and ecstasies You have played out in its quantum dreamtime.
The means is merely what You have inclination toward and access to.
However You choose do it, and with whatever quality of mind,
Whether passionate or pragmatic, You choose to do it,
The end, the oblivion, the point and purpose.

* * * *

Few grasp history well enough not to repeat its underlying patterns again and again.
Intelligence and wisdom cannot long prevail over ignorance any more than light can darkness.
Despite all attempts to attain a greater quality of consciousness, to navigate a more enlightened course,
Humankind seems destined to play out its passionate mind until its inescapable extinction.
Between now and then, who knows what agonies and ecstasies will play out.

* * * *

Why would You need the sanction of any other,
To reside peacefully content in your own house?

* * * *

In his quest for enlightenment and inner peace, Siddhartha,
Who could have been a warrior king, chose to be a deadbeat dad,
Abiding homeless in forests and parks, playing God to a court of jesters.
Not a role, for which most have inclination or aptitude, much less aspiration.
And really just another facade, in the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity of it all.

* * * *

Yet another interesting La Mancha Quixote,
Out to save a species, that cannot be saved.
Another interesting book, You need not buy.
Another interesting group, You need not join.

* * * *

What a dream this whole friggin' so-called existence has been.
Nothing more than an ethereal, kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional, touchy-feely,
Subjective, arbitrary, haphazard, space and time matrix,
Quantum mirage of a dream.

* * * *

Call it by whatever moniker slathered in dogma that You will: God, Yahweh, Allah, Brahman, Tao,
Buddha, Akal Purakh, Almighty, Soul, Self, Universe, Mystery, Et Cetera, Whatever.
It fashioned You of its inexplicable, indivisible, beyond-all-pales essence,
That You might one day discover that it is You, and You are it.
It is, therefore You are; You are, therefore it is.
One in the same; the same in one.
There is no duality,
And no dogma is required.

* * * *

Brand it, play it spiritual, if You feel the need,
But the freedom, the liberation, of pure awareness,
Is really just being the timeless here-now, You ever are.
It is prior to all conceptions, all theatrics born of imagination.
You are eternity, eternity is You, enjoy it while You can.

* * * *

How many are truly, deeply interested in You,
If You do not offer the reflection their vanity requires?
And even then, how deep, how true, how long?

* * * *

So many distractions, so many smokescreens, so many mirages, so many reflections.
So many interruptions, diversions, desperations, disruptions, commotions,
Disturbances, interferences, entertainments, hobbies, pastimes,
Amusements, recreations, anxieties, bewilderments,
Confusions, agitations, troubles, upsets,
Cover-ups, concealments,
Covers, camouflages, screens, masks,
Blinds, decoys, red herrings, disguises, likenesses,
Facades, considerations, indications, signs, musings, replications,
Reproductions, thoughts, figments, contemplations, deliberations, echoes, images,
Manifestations, ruminations, suggestions, expressions, evidences, illusions, visions, signals, fantasies.
So many delusions, so many hallucinations, so many phantasms, so many imaginings.
So much anything, so much everything, all of which keep You from seeing,
How empty and meaningless, this dream ultimately truly is.

* * * *

In the ultimate state, You have nothing to do with any of it.
Nothing to do with your temporal reverie of time.

Nothing to do with your illusory little self.
Nothing to do with your corporeal flesh and bones cadaver.
Nothing to do, with what was never You or yours, in any way, any shape, any size.

* * * *

What is truth? What is Self? What is awakening? What is enlightenment? What is liberation?
What is insight? What is illumination? What is satori? What is nirvana? What is moksha?
What is joy? What is bliss? What is ecstasy? What is rapture? What is love? What is heaven?
But conjecture, speculation, hearsay, rumor, theory, until You perchance find your Self here now.

* * * *

All the timepieces,
With their never-ending tick-tick-tick.
Unreal as they have ever been, unreal as they will ever be,
With which the human paradigm surrounds itself, drives itself, measures itself,
Daily unleash, an ever-greater crescendo of absurdity,

* * * *

Within any culture that has ever been or will ever be,
The abiding definition of sanity will always be,
About fitting into the given tribal norm.

* * * *

That gourmet meal will transform into shit.
That glass of wine will transform into piss.
What suffering, what pain, will You endure,
For a few more nibbles, for a few more sips?

* * * *

Be especially circumspect about following anyone who asserts some binding-blinding certainty.
True believers come and go, and one can only hope their delusions,
Journey into obscurity with them.

* * * *

Give all its due, and its do.
There can be no existence without action.
For the manifest dance to play out in the grand indivisibility,
The space-time continuum every moment maintains a meticulous, inflexible reckoning,
Of accounts receivable and accounts payable, across the entire cosmos and beyond.
An accounting that cannot be nullified, no matter how persevering the player.

* * * *

The one is not without the other, the other is not without the one.
It takes two, and who knows how many more, to tango a dreamtime.

* * * *

There are no right or wrong reasons to die.
Death is death; no need to slather it in vanity.

* * * *

All the ever-issuing, ever-kaleidoscoping dynamics;
All the beyond-counting causes and effects, effects and causes;
All the influences, all the elements, all the circumstances, all the features;
All the factors, parts, aspects, issues, things, considerations, components, motivations,
That have led to this point in this dreamy mirage of space and time;
Will never be, even by speculation, known.
Boggling and beyond.

* * * *

With all that ingestion of food and drink and whatever else,
The only things your body really manufacture are piles of shit and pools of piss.
From any beginning to any end, are You really anything more,
Than food for worms and other beasts?

* * * *

Physics is all, and all is physics.
The cosmos is a precise, harmonic, mathematical expression,
Created of an impenetrable, indelible, indivisible mystery, a dynamic prior to consciousness,
That cannot for even one moment be undone by any of its creations.

* * * *

Self is without persona, Self is without attachment.
Without vanity or greed or passion, without timeline or itinerary.
Without meaning or purpose, without like or dislike, without desire or fear or dread.
Without any notion or inkling or concern or perception, whatsoever.

* * * *

The sensory mind-body can be an insatiable beast,
That will almost invariably cause great suffering,
If its occupant lacks the discipline to reign it in.

* * * *

Human emotion is a mammalian evolutionary trait.
Its reality is nothing more than imagination's conditioned responses,
To the given body's ever-changing chemical interactions.
It is a cornerstone of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Yet another factoid, another insight, another harbinger,
Which You will on occasion recollect, until You perchance forget,
Or perish, which for all intents and purposes, is well-nigh the very same thing.

* * * *

Sala-gadoola-menchicka-boo-la bibbidi-bobbidi-boo.
Put 'em together and what have You got?
Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of the agonies and ecstasies of world,
Until the conditioning winds of the given context,
Slowly imprint its reality,
Into the dreamtime of the given mind-body.

* * * *

Someday, when the human species finally goes extinct,
The mutilated world that remains will whirl round and round just the same.
And then someday, in some far different moment, be consumed by the sun, and the cosmos roil on.
We have never even once been as essential as our imaginary vanities,
Have deluded us into believing.

* * * *

The narrative begins, the characters appear.
The narrative advances, the characters develop.
The narrative suspends, the characters endure or die.
The narrative resolves, the characters connect or separate.
The narrative ends, the characters bow, the audience applauds.
And then the critics spew, about things, most could never begin to do.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience,
All must begin in ignorance, and in that innocence,
Wander through every variety of adventure and misadventure,
Slowly steeping into whatever persona, the nature-nurture has designated.
The rare few who articulate into sages, may one day find themselves hailed upon a stage,
Or anonymous in a plaza, a coffee shop, a bar, a taxi, or any given street corner,
Recounting their long and winding journey upon the trail less travelled,
Spinning, whatever wisdom, whatever truths, they have gleaned.
It is not a calling, for which there is all that much demand,
But in retrospect, was there ever really any choice?

* * * *

Believe any who-what-where-when-why-how You will,
There is no supreme divinity out there choreographing your every move.
You are nothing more than eternal awareness, very much alone,
Playing out a temporal, mortal, reverie of consciousness.
Navigating it, free of all claims, is the challenge.

* * * *

What does any mountaintop care for what is beneath it?
What does any seafloor care for what is above it?
Up and down are but illusions of gravity,
Ever whirling in the quantum mass.
The reality of quantum physics.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is, from any far-distant shore, nothing more than noise.
A cauldron of consciousness, of imagination, that has no lasting meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

There is nothing that is separate in this mystery.
If there were to be one deity, or many, somewhere out there,
Rest assured, that it, or they, are ultimately, in no way, different than You.

* * * *

It is what You do, with or without reward, that is your passion.
How fortunate You are, if You are lucky enough to discover it.

* * * *

Are the dreams that stream in sleep, really any more or less real,
Than the three-dimensional one, that kaleidoscopes so exactly, while awake?
How so very quickly, everything the sensory mind-body perceives, becomes its memory.

* * * *

If You were to cease-and-desist your imaginary persona,
What need would there be to justify your being,
To all the other imaginary personas?

* * * *

Every mind's vast cosmos, offers an endless variety of adventures and misadventures.
The choices made every moment, will harvest every variety of consequence,
Which will ever navigate, to new choices, with new consequences.
It is a timeless, relentless kaleidoscoping, until one moment, death arrives,
And the dream merges back into the quantum indivisibility, in which it has ever danced.

* * * *

Seek out there, in any manner, for as long as You please,
You will never discern it, until You look very deeply within.

* * * *

What are so-called good and evil,
But relative states of self-absorption, imaginary all the while.
Different states of consciousness, founded on different values, different frames of reference.
None of which, are in any way lasting or meaningful, in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

If fellow earthlings were to concoct creeds and dogmas and religions about supreme beings,
Would we two-leggeds, who hold fast to the deities we know to be true,
Give them even a scintilla of consideration?

* * * *

The truth of awareness, the truth of what You truly are,

Is the ever-present moment, awaiting your untarnished discernment.
Mindsets across this dream world, may point to it, may ascribe many dogmas to it,
But none, in any way, have any ownership of it, or of your direct perception, of its indelible mystery.
You are indeed very much alone, in your inquiry into the essential, immortal nature.
Put behind any who would deny, any who would limit your quest.

* * * *

Every new day begins with the mind's slumbering dream-state, churning into its waking version,
In which it re-conceives, its imaginary perception of its world, of its universe,
Conjured by the conditioning of its nature-nurture mirage.
The dream-state, into which You awoke at age two,
Is not the dream-state, You awoke to, at age ten or fifteen or thirty,
Nor will it, can it, ever be same at any age, before Charon arrives to collect his coin.
You are but a dreamer, dreaming, and that reverie, no matter how real or true You believe it to be,
Is ultimately nothing more, than the momentary cotton candy, of time-bound imagination.

* * * *

The entirety of human consciousness is potential within all.
How any partake that banquet, that potpourri of natural selection,
Is founded upon the encoding of the given nature-nurture.
You are current issue of all creation come before.

* * * *

What a wretched species we can be.
Absurd beyond all bounds.
Exceedingly tiring.

* * * *

It is in the stillness of the pure awareness within, that You will discern true Self.
The outward show, is but time-bound, sensory-based, illusory distraction,
From the indivisibility, that transcends all beginnings, all endings.

* * * *

The specialist will always trump the generalist in his/her sphere of concentration,
But the generalist will always excel in the pales, where only the untamed survive.

* * * *

There is no time.
No time to be attached, no time to be detached.
The space-time continuum, and all its appearances, are but a kaleidoscoping illusion,
Of which the sensory mind-body partakes but a sliver of its mystery,
And that, only artifice, tainted further by delusion.

* * * *

Vanity accosts every human mind in one way or another,
And if perchance, it does not in the rare spirit,
Few if any will likely ever ponder it,
As anything more than a tad or so eccentric.

* * * *

This manifest quantum stage play is no less an illusory dream, than any nocturnal dream,
Merely because You are seeing it, hearing it, tasting it, smelling it, touching it,
Or perceiving it, in any other way, the sensory-mind might sanction.
It is all a dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

A mind free of false problems,
Is clear and spacious and vigilant awareness.
It is on the You, that You really truly are, to change, to evolve.
Gaia is but a brief distraction, an absorbing illusion.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What is death, but the end of a natured-nurtured manifest dream.
The ending of attachment to consciousness, to imagination,
Which is, in reality, nothing more than a neural thunderstorm,
That mesmerizes awareness, into believing the sensory theater real.

* * * *

What is it to be civilized, and are You?
And what would You be, and what would You do,
If You were not conditioned? If You were not domesticated?

* * * *

How can anyone wander through their existence, not trusting their own mind?
Their own observation, their own inquiry, their own ability to ponder critically?

* * * *

All histories are about perspective; none ever exactly the same.
From whatever vantage any me-myself-and-I is viewing the battlefield,
Every world, every cosmos, is a unique snowflake, entirely born of imagination.

* * * *

We are all broken records, repeating ourselves over and over, the grooves growing deeper, narrower.
Chatting up the same swill to ourselves, our family, our friends, our acquaintances,
And even any wretched strangers, who happen into our paths.
Generally innocuous, sometime annoying,
And shutting up or demise, the only real resolution.

* * * *

Try not to be too attached to labels.
They are not real, nor are they You.

* * * *

Good and evil are but human inventions, fabrications, devices, contrivances,
That could never exist in the ultimate indivisible quantum reality.

Theatrical pretenses of consciousness, at best.

* * * *

For at least brief stretches of time, every once in a while,
Both within and without – subdue all thought, refrain from all wordplay.
Let the temporal, imaginary self, go, and just be the ever-present awareness, You truly are.
Call it meditation, call it contemplation, call it whatever sound You please.
Sit, stand, recline, walk, sprint, dance; it does not matter.
No need to formalize that which has no form.
Be … here … now … Just do it.

* * * *

Words can be tethered to many concepts,
So always best, to, without doubt, define them,
If You would have your meaning and intent unclouded.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is this ephemeral phenomenon, called will?
Such an intangible, dynamic force, to have emerged from this mystical-magical garden of creation.
How did it all come about in the African jungles of long ago? What will be its reckoning?
So many questions, so many answers, that no one can ever more than speculations.
We may scrape away ceaselessly at the flotsam and jetsam of remains,
Or ponder the tides and ripples, any given now is creating,
But ever come away with little or nothing more,
Than half-baked ironies and paradoxes.

* * * *

No one can ever be as absorbed, as captivated, as rivetted, with another's dream,
Anywhere near as much they are, with their own imaginary construction.
How far, how deep, how wide, that narcissistic synergy radiates.
Every kaleidoscoping, quantum-laced, eternal moment,
Weaves the tapestry of humankind's space and time paradigm.

* * * *

How many polarizations the human drama seems able to foster,
Is likely as all but infinite, as the synergy of any given mindscape.

* * * *

What is aging, but enduring a daily growing list of compensations,
For a mind-body, that from the get-go, was a set of mortal limitations.

* * * *

Perhaps, and only just perhaps,
Only the greatest masters are free of vanity.
But only insofar as they do not in mind dwell on the world,
And some temporal imaginary character in it.
The rarest of the rare, indeed.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune, are inevitably built, inevitably founded, upon the backs of others.
To wander harmlessly in the cauldron of this dream-world, is a rare and noble feat.
Rare to be truly humble, in the churning sea of vanity and greed.
A churning sea, to which the human paradigm is nature-nurture inclined.

* * * *

You are in truth, nothing more than a random,
Arbitrary, insignificant, timeless smidgeon of consciousness,
A happenstance of the awareness, permeating the electromagnetic spectrum.
Your inflated notions, are nothing more than a cosmic hoax,
To which You are, in imagination, tethered.

* * * *

What happened in those deep, dark jungles of long ago,
That shaped our kind into such a cancer upon our Mother?

* * * *

Despite your vanity, your arrogance, ever seeking to convince You otherwise,
It all so very much does not matter even one scintilla of a smidgen of a speck.

* * * *

The space-time continuum,
Weaves along in me, weaves along in You,
So we sing so many songs, and believe them true, so true.
But what is true? What is false? And who decides?
And how true is true? How false is false?
And has any of it ever mattered?

* * * *

What a curious thing, that so many human beings,
Want to believe there surely must be some meaning, some purpose,
Greater than the magical opportunity, to exist for even just a brief time, in the first place.
Where is the humility? The gratitude? The grace? The rapture? The wisdom?
How is it so many, are so deaf and blind, to the wonder of it all?

* * * *

As illusory as any history is in any given fleeting moment,
It is through the flicker of imagination that we direct and gauge actions,
That synergistically shape, sculpt, the dystopian future,
That we cannot, in any way, avert.

* * * *

There is no deity greater or lesser than You.
All are founded of the same eternal mystery.

* * * *

Medals and accolades offer little compensation for arms or legs or minds or lives.

"Thank You for your service" is but a hollow echo to an existence forever altered.

* * * *

Regarding murder and mayhem,
Whether it is a club, or a machete, or a bullet, or a poison, or a bomb,
The result is the same.

* * * *

Extreme cruelty is best reserved for those who genuinely deserve it,
And then, only in as relatively brief and moderate doses,
As the urge for justice (a.k.a., revenge) allows.

* * * *

Be as the newborn in the manger: pure awareness, pure isness, pure nature, pure eternal omnipresence,
Watchfully enduring the winds of nurture, that will shape it, sculpt it, condition it, brainwash it,
Program it, indoctrinate it, persuade it, mold it – into its persona, its will, its destiny.

* * * *

Eternal life, living absolutely, each and every moment, is to waylay all past, to waylay all future.
A free mind, in which nothing has ever happened, nor will ever happen again.
To be so liberated, as to know nothing, is the eternal calling,
To which relatively few feel called.

* * * *

What would a timeline of seers, mystics, and philosophers look like?
What patterns would it make clear of the endless gyrations,
In the shaping, the molding, of the human epoch?

* * * *

Does not the study of physics and all the other sciences,
Make it more than obvious what You truly are, and are not?

* * * *

Existence is but an ever-changing dream,
That is incessantly tagged with every conceivable notion.
But the ephemeral awareness, each and every mind, every moment truly is,
Is most definitely, without doubt, exactly the same.

* * * *

Meditation and contemplation are about real connectiveness.
The garden and cyber varieties are but gray shadows in comparison.
You are the timeless aloneness, and the only need, only want, for connection,
Is but all the imaginary impulses, inspired by desire and fear and dread and whatever.

* * * *

You are that which knows no birth, that which knows no death,
That from which the unborn are born, that from which the born are unborn.
That in which those born, ebb and flow again and again, for as long as mystery deigns.

* * * *

The point and purpose of all labels, should be suspect to any bent on the quest for truth.
To confine anything within a concept, always risks, intentionally or not,
Diminishing, obfuscating, its essential integrity.

* * * *

Abandon all belief that You are a human being,
Or any other imaginable form of conscious design.
You are awareness: timeless, empty, ever alone.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness, is the same in all living creatures.
It is only in the ever-streaming outcomes of nature-nurture,
That all differences are wrought in the dream of time.

* * * *

No culture across this planet, no culture anywhere in time,
Has ever been anything more than a tribal mindset bent on perpetuating itself.
Any prescribed adherence to anything, is nothing more than allowing some other, to rule your mind.
You owe history nothing, but what You freely consent.

* * * *

Creation is the indivisible, sliced and diced in every possible way,
That the omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent awareness,
Might divine its every infinitesimal possibility.

* * * *

Imitation has no truth, no reality, no vibrancy, no joie de vivre, of its own.
It can never be more than a secondhand fabrication of a mind bound in time.

* * * *

The bad news is that your mind-body is most certainly doomed.
The good news is that You are really not this temporal mind-body.
It is merely a vehicle for You to wander, as fate every moment ordains.

* * * *

You are really nothing more than the changeless awareness, performing whatever appearance,
The given mind-body has been conditioned to pretend for the length of the illusion.
The role it has been allotted by natural selection in this ageless mystery.
Enjoy it as best ye may, but try not to take it too personal.

* * * *

The human paradigm is based on collective enterprise,
And all groupthink is steeped in one absurdity or another.
Standing alone, free and clear, with as quiet a mind as possible,
Is the only way to minimize all the capricious delusions,
Of all the assumption churning in the given mind.

* * * *

Only in the complete and utter aloneness of awareness,
Can the freedom of perfect beingness be totally discerned.
All groupthink is founded upon one bogus notion or another.
To stand completely alone is the only liberation from absurdity.

* * * *

The mind born of nature-nurture is a quagmire of endless boundaries.
Endless permutations of consciousness playing out a given set of limitations.
Only in pure the awareness, do all borders dissolve into their quantum indivisibility.
Into the infinity of all potentials, the grand unicity ever has at the ready.

* * * *

Human emotion, human passion, is nothing more,
Than a ravenous concoction of biochemical secretions,
To which consciousness attaches in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Building your tiny little ego up and up,
Has a tendency to put everyone and everything else down.
It is the thermodynamics of vanity thing.

* * * *

Humankind is moving very quickly towards a great lesson,
In the statistical reality, the statistical certainty,
That what goes up must come down.

* * * *

Freedom is a quality of mind.
Get off the trail.
Sculpt your own journey.

* * * *

We are all tedious recordings, that all those around us,
Have likely had to patiently tolerate, more than a few past too many times.
That it would be a tad kinder, to shut up more than occasionally, might well be an understatement.

* * * *

Not everything needs to be experienced over and over.
Sometimes one quick taste is more than enough,
To gain entry into the statistical sample.

* * * *

Despite all your wishing and hoping,
To be somewhere else other than right-here-right now,
It just ain’t ever-never going to happen.

* * * *

We are all shaped of the same indivisible quantum clayness.
Each and every one, imagining existence real and true, in their own very unique way.
All nothing more than touchy-feely, three-dimensional dreams,
To which only vain notion can be attached.

* * * *

Creation and preservation and destruction,
Are a simultaneous, every-moment, timeless process,
Played out in the indivisible, unborn-undying quantum matrix.

* * * *

Some are colonizers and settlers.
Some are explorers and discoverers.
Safety and security are not for all.

* * * *

The eternal mystery of awareness,
Beneath an anonymous, ever-kaleidoscoping mask,
Is all You truly are, all You have ever truly been, all You will ever truly be.
If seers keep repeating the same mantra over and over, it is because that is all, it all boils down to,
No matter how many times the vanity and greed of the monkey-mind,
Yearns for more, insists on more, ever seeks more.

* * * *

How many universes might there be on the head of a pin?
And dimensions, well, that is another ditty lost in the mound.

* * * *

Politics and diplomacy are obtuse art forms,
In which directness only rarely finds welcome.

* * * *

Odds are the common sense You assume real and true,
Is only common to You, and those with whom You ally.

* * * *

Civility is the foundation, the keystone, the linchpin, the fulcrum, of civilization.
Morality and ethics, its oft-spouted-oft-ignored stepchildren of the red-headed genus.

* * * *

If your own smidgeon of so-called common sense does not learn ye,
Then pain, master and commander of edification,
Will most surely find a way.

* * * *

To divide eternity by space-time constraints,
Requires mathematical paraxigms, of such scale and proportion,

As to plumb the greatest minds, bound by time as they are, unto their greatest depths.

* * * *

Do You remember back when You were a child,
And knew nothing about yesterday and tomorrow?
Back when You did not have a care in the world?
Back when your mind was pristine stillness?
When You were immaculately absolute?
Exactly.

* * * *

The passions of endless craving, delusional as they are,
Spin a great sense of meaning and purpose to nothing.
It is a cotton candy, great deal of puff, sort of thing.

* * * *

From the great depths of absoluteness,
Great awareness dawns, great vision awakens,
Great thoughts are spoken, great thoughts are written,
And great minds hear, and the light of insight, moves freely on.

* * * *

Whether an audience of just one, or in the millions,
The applause, or the jeering, has the same hollow echo.
To exist for what any other thinks or believes, is to miss out,
On the Self-actualization each and every moment offers.

* * * *

Awareness is about being, consciousness is about becoming.
Those bound to time, are rarely content with its timeless origin.

* * * *

The given mind-body vehicle, is the evolutionary outcome,
Of the natural-selection process, since life's inception.
You are what You are, there is no one to blame.
You must play out, what You must play out.
Call it fate, call it kismet, call it karma,
You have absolutely no say in the matter.

* * * *

An ever-expanding skillset, can be anyone's ticket,
To an assured and beneficial and interesting future.

* * * *

The stream of human consciousness, is the play of stories, ebbing and flowing,
Rounding one corner after another, all its many individual drops, collectively playing out history.
Carrying in it, every narrative, since the first thought of self – of "I am," – came to mind.
How attached are You, to your me-myself-and-I vanity, is the question.

* * * *

Cast loose all binds, that hold You earthbound.
Become a cosmic nomad born anew every moment.

* * * *

The Ivory Tower, is not a tower, nor is it made of ivory, and whatever it is,
The Church of Reason is as full of pride and vanity as any other human endeavor.
As Robert Pirsig so powerfully wrote in the Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
The real University is a state of mind. It is that great heritage of rational thought that has been
Brought down to us through the centuries and which does not exist at any specific location.
It is a state of mind which is regenerated throughout the centuries by a body of people,
Who traditionally carry the title of professor, but even that title is not part of the real University.
The real University is nothing less than the continuing body of reason itself.

* * * *

Here You are right now, timelessly eternal.
Nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

Much easier to make war than peace.
Much easier to tear down than preserve.
And creation, well, that is just the beginning,
To a dream, with neither beginning, nor ending.

* * * *

Justify your existence?
To who?
To what?
To where?
To when?
To why?
To how?
Pfffft.

* * * *

The known can never attain the unknown.
The mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

As long as You believe, delude, that You are a mind-body, You will abide in space-time.
Only in the pristine clarity, of unblemished awareness, can You discern,
What is not, what never was, what will never be.

* * * *

Is the awakening of satori, one moment, or many?
Is it a one-time experiencing, come and gone?
Or is it a never-beginning-never-ending process,

Of being born anew, each and every unchanging moment.

* * * *

The imaginary you, is a function of arbitrary consciousness.
Consciousness, is a function of the quantum synergy.
The quantum, is a function of the still awareness.
Awareness, is a function of the ageless eternity.
Eternity, is a function of the inscrutable mystery.
All of which, comes full circle, back to the real You.

* * * *

In the existential mind, there is no one to reproach; the eternal moment is all.
Which makes You responsible for everything You choose to do,
As well as everything You choose not to do.
Perhaps an onerous assertion, but as true as any truth is.

* * * *

Each day, the mind-body awakens to a world, a cosmos, it has in imagination built.
Into an immense edifice, confined by the many choices, the given life has woven together.
That in the ultimate, indivisible actuality, are of absolutely no weight, whatsoever.
Atlas holds up an imaginary globe; Sisyphus pushes an imaginary rock.

* * * *

Every mind-body witnesses a unique dreamtime of a cosmos.
Perceptions, perceptions, perceptions, perceptions.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is in the untainted, absolute awareness, that You truly are.
The quantum matrix, the play of space and time, is but a finite, temporal means.
Your immortality, your indivisibility, your inexplicability,
Is prior to any and all dreams.

* * * *

The specialist peels away nuance after nuance after nuance.
The generalist, indolent idler that he is, is satisfied with the gist.
As to whether that kernel harbors fact, well, that is a matter of taste.

* * * *

Neither yes nor no,
For nor against,
This nor that,
Tit nor tat,
Good nor evil,
Light nor dark,
Right nor wrong.

* * * *

What are You but a dream of perception,
In a dream of consciousness,
In a dream of mind,
In a dream of time,
In a dream of eternity.

* * * *

If the Grim Reaper were ever to guffaw,
It would surely be longest and loudest,
At those who count themselves great.

* * * *

Beneath the discerning lens of a microscope,
Humankind would be neither as large, nor as exceptional,
As its hollow vanity, every moment imagines.

* * * *

What more are You, than an arbitrary state of perception,
Born into a time-bound, nature-nurtured seed-line,
Within an indivisible evolutionary context.

* * * *

All of history's players, since long before recorded time,
Could never have even begun, to apprehend, how whatever they did,
Has played out in its interminable, indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping emanation.

* * * *

To be still, to resist thought's rising, is the challenge,
Of those who give themselves over to inner quietude.

* * * *

Physical fitness is much more than just strength.
Concepts that also apply: stamina, coordination, dexterity, flexibility,
Quickness, swiftness, alertness, agility, nimbleness, reflexes suppleness, balance, energy, acuity,
Resourcefulness, gumption, grit, potency, vigor, liveliness, momentum, drive,
Dynamic, adroitness, grace, poise, will-power, self-assurance,
Vitality, verve, well-being, wit, and spirit.

* * * *

Return to the primordial awareness,
That You ever are, before all the conditioning of consciousness,
Before the nature-nurture, that shaped You into believing, the quantum illusion, real and true.

* * * *

The assertions, You so vehemently cling to today,
Will likely be forgotten, one tomorrow or another,
Replaced by others, perhaps only just less deceiving.

* * * *

A mystic-philosopher's Sisyphean task, is to wander where only no-mind can go.
To face the aloneness – its angels and demons – without equivocation, without hesitation.
It is a Quixotic Yellow-Brick-Road journey into the timeless fearlessness of boundless awareness.

* * * *

Every culture is a synergistic, miasmic brew of assumptions,
About everything the human mind is hardwired to confabulate.

* * * *

All the little monkeys swarmed out of the deep and dark jungles of Africa,
And dispersed gradually, erratically, relentlessly, savagely, across this great, whirling planet,
Creating, preserving, destroying, anything that obstructed its willful path.
From beginning to end, their own worst enemy.

* * * *

How many more thousands of years will it take,
For all the true believers to finally realize, to finally concede,
That Jesus was only a mortal man, is long dead, and never coming back?
That what is regarded a religion, has never been anything more,
Than a charismatic cult following, from square one.

* * * *

All that is created, must inevitably be destroyed.
But it is that moment of creation, that is the artist's ecstasy.
Its preservation, is but a shadow of that perception.

* * * *

What irrelevant, useless, wretched things –
Beliefs, models, principles, standards, archetypes,
Ideals, values, morals, ethics, exemplars, icons – can be.
As Yoda said, 'Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.'

* * * *

There is only one thing left not to doubt,
And in that, the you that never was,
Becomes the You that ever is.

* * * *

How far can You step back,
Is the question only You can answer,
And that answer may well morph,
Many times, in many ways.

* * * *

Life happens.
Death happens.
So it goes.

Too bad.
So sorry.
Oh well.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

* * * *

Who is anyone to tell another what is true or false,
What is right or wrong, what is sane or insane, what is light or dark.
Each and every one must discern and endure the cosmos,
They very much alone, every moment create.

* * * *

Yesterday and today and tomorrow,
All have their fleeting momentary now,
Across the mystery's kaleidoscoping stage.

* * * *

What are the passions? What are sorrow, anger, lust, love?
What are fervor, ardor, enthusiasm, eagerness, zealousness, vigor,
Fire, fieriness, energy, fervency, animation, spirit, spiritedness, fanaticism,
But temporal-worldly-mundane-secular-mortal concoctions.
Attachments born of the imagined mind-body,
Caught in the dream of time.

* * * *

Discerning how utterly alone You truly are,
Is the only means to the redemption of serenity.

* * * *

Those most likely to endure change, to survive change, even flourish in change.
Are the ones who are most adaptable, flexible, malleable,
And oft times just plain lucky.

* * * *

Christ was not a Christian, why should You be?
Buddha was not a Buddhist, why should You be?
Lao Tzu was not a Taoist, why should You be?
Ist's and Ism's, what are they to the eternal?

* * * *

You can tell those who perceive themselves on the losing end of the culture wars,
By the way they continually refashion their labels and symbols,
And work so hard for recognition and approval.
Only just maybe discerning, that empowerment blooms within.
Assume it so, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, is the way of the eternal warrior.

* * * *

Most problems get solved to one degree or another, eventually.
What the hey, if it takes a few years, or even a lifetime.
And if You cannot solve it, then sooner or later,
Reaper Dude will kick it back to the Land of So It Goes.

* * * *

The senses, are but mortal devices fashioned by evolution,
That are but streaming smokescreens to the indelible, indivisible reality.
Mirages, imagined by a nature-nurture mind, snared in its dreamy fabrication of time.
Only through doubt, only through detachment, will true Self be discerned.

* * * *

No matter how good it gets for those who strive,
The future is often crumpled in one way or another,
For many if not most, who were stepped on to get there.

* * * *

The quest for truth is about discerning the ultimate true nature.
To fixate on pleasures like love or bliss, or any other emotional notions,
Is nothing more than the mind's never-ending thirst, for mundane gratification.
Serious inquiry is its own singular, disciplined point and purpose.
Poignant sidebars are but time-bound upshots.

* * * *

Look within, and what is there but a stillness, a nothingness, an awareness,
To which imagination fabricates every conceivable meaning and purpose.

* * * *

First billion … 3.8 billion years ago to 1804
2nd billion … 1804 to 1930 … 126 years
3rd billion … 1930 to 1960 … 30 years
4th billion … 1960 to 1974 … 14 years
5th billion … 1974 to 1987 … 13 years
6th billion … 1987 to 1999 … 12 years
7th billion … 1199 to 2011 … 12 years
8th billion … 2011 to 2023 … 12 years
9th billion projected … 2023 to 2037 … 14 years
10th billion projected … 2037 to 2056 … 19 years
11th billion … Let us not get too far ahead of ourselves

* * * *

To all the aristocrats, the plutocrats, the oligarchs, the tyrants, the despots, the oppressors,
No, despite all your power, all your wealth, all your titles, all your vain assertions,
You are not necessarily the best, nor the brightest, nor the most beautiful.
In fact, You might well be mortified, how pathetic You appear,
To those who see You, and your ceaseless self-absorption, for what is truly is.

* * * *

The race to the graveyard is for-sure picking up.
Pardon the dark humor, but it is just a matter of who buries who,
And who is the last bag-of-bones-soon-to-be-cadaver on oxygen in a wheelchair,
Staring blankly, indifferently, at a wall in an Alzheimer's unit.
Realize it or not, like or not, all very Zen.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory.
From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally, done and undone.
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer, dreaming a quantum design.
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

* * * *

In one sooner or later or another,
You may as well stop imputing everyone else,
For what You your Self, have often more than likely created.

* * * *

All of nothing.
All or nothing.
All in nothing.
All and nothing.
All for nothing.
Nothing for all.
Nothing and all.
Nothing in all.
Nothing or all.
Nothing at all.

* * * *

Is the mind-body a function of the cosmos?
Or is the cosmos a function of the mind-body?
Or are they indivisibly, indelibly, one in the same?

* * * *

It is a blend of desire and fear and dread,
That has fashioned You into this imaginary personality,
To which You have yielded, to which You cling, with such ardent resolve.

* * * *

How to forget everything?
Let go everything false, everything imaginary, everything space and time,
Everything not here, everything not now.

* * * *

Even the most well-intentioned two-leggeds, often find despotism hard to resist.
In the Machiavellian-Orwellian horror-ridden melees of statecraft,
It is inevitable, that many, if not most decisions,
Will impact many, and oftentimes cause great suffering, even death.
Better to opt for anonymity and serenity, if craving for power over others is not absorbing.

* * * *

As a horseman uses light reign and balance,
To adroitly, calmly, maneuver a horse, where he wills,
A wise man dwells in Self, to effortlessly shepherd the given mind.

* * * *

The sovereign, indivisible, indelible aloneness, in which You dwell, in which all things dwell,
Cannot be bought or sold or traded or encapsulated, by any word or number or image or symbol.
It is a peerless state, an absolute state – it is the stage, the backdrop, the source, of all dreams of time.

* * * *

The mind is habit.
Habits can be changed.
Attention is required.

* * * *

Eventually, every life form, from smallest to greatest, must face death.
The ultimate, inevitable, unavoidable consequence, of having been born.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

It takes practice to give your imaginary self,
Over to the entirety of the indivisible awareness.
The vanity of the mind-body is not easily discarded.

* * * *

A replete and content existence, may well be less about what is accomplished,
Than the attention, the awareness, that is given to as many fleeting moments as possible.
Time is but the illusion-delusion of sensory-inspired memory, and the imagination it casts future past.
Eternal life is in the perpetual unborn-undying of each and every indivisible instant.

* * * *

The You in you, is the You in all.
And the all in all, is the all in You.

* * * *

Watch … listen … smell … taste … feel … anything, You please.
And know it is nothing more than a sensory-inspired illusion,
That it does not really exist in anything but imagination.
A holographic mirage born within a quantum mind.

* * * *

Who is the who, who asserts claim to anything,
Much less some identity, as ephemeral,
As the ether of light and sound.

* * * *

The flame of the vanities – power, fame, fortune – singes all, and burns many.
Of a quiet, tranquil, trouble-free, unassuming existence,
Little needs be said or done.

* * * *

Peering out through the sensory screen of eyes and ears and tongue and nose and skin,
What do You see? What do You hear? What do You taste? What do You smell? What do You touch?
And what makes You so sure, it is real, has ever been real, will ever be real?

* * * *

Are all those little labels, to which You so zealously cling,
Anything more than patches in a piecemeal raft,
Slowly breaking up in the vast abyss.

* * * *

True wealth has little to do with money or things.
It is a majesty of mind for the truly affluent,
And the curse of mindlessness for those,
For whom enough is never enough.

* * * *

To meander as You please, to stop and examine whatever You please,
In whatever way You please, for as long as You please, to whatever end You please,
Is the way of the maverick, the questioner, the skeptic, the cynic, the doubter, the critical thinker.

* * * *

Memory, evolved in the jungles of Africa,
As a means to survival in the long, oh so long ago,
Has become a means to every trivial pursuit imaginable.

* * * *

The rule of law – defined as the restriction of the arbitrary exercise of power,
By subordinating it to well-defined and established laws – can be a ponderous beast.
A beast whose judgments – everything merciful, everything harsh – are cloaked in precedent.

* * * *

Awareness and health are your only real wealth,
And even they are as ephemeral as any pile of gold.

* * * *

Nature is the only deity.
Its decrees reign supreme for all time.

The laws of men, are but insubstantial, anemic shadows,
Born of one cultural groupthink or another.

* * * *

The serenity a man can know is greatly aided,
When the brain between his legs ceases to work,
Or he discerns the discipline to ignore its call.

* * * *

The smorgasbord of human passions is an endless buffet,
Of every imaginary ecstasy, of every imaginary agony.
How full-to-the-gills of it, will You be, before it is over?

* * * *

The You that is consciousness, and the You that is awareness, are mutually exclusive.
One is born of imagination; the other – prior to life, prior to death – never born at all.

* * * *

In history's breadth and depth,
You are but a shallow, linear, hollow scratch.
Your significance, an imaginary monolith in your mind, is nil.

* * * *

Everyone abides a unique cosmos, each with a variety of sets.
Cultural, political, religious, racial, gender, emotional,
Socio-economic, educational, linguistic, et cetera.
Like snowflakes, all distinct, all true, all false, all the while.

* * * *

This, our modern world, may well be covered, may well be slathered,
With asphalt and cement and steel and glass and plastic,
And every variety of mind-made invention,
But it is ever still a jungle.
Pay attention, You might live longer.

* * * *

It is your mother's sustenance that nurtures You.
When You poison her, ravage her, destroy her,
You poison and ravage and destroy yourself.
That fistful of coin is but paltry compensation.

* * * *

Just because something has not happened,
Does not necessarily mean it cannot, or will not.

* * * *

Politicized science is not bona fide science,
And true science, that is not heeded,

Is but an empty paycheck.

* * * *

No matter how immense, no matter how tiny,
It is a you-eat-You universe, a you-eat-You dream.
Compassion and ethics are but token notions.

* * * *

Do You live to eat, or eat to live?
Constrain You tongue, govern your craving,
Or pay the price, the consequences, in oh so many ways.

* * * *

Observe the mind as You would the sky.
Thoughts as You would clouds and birds and planes.
Disconnected, indifferent, removed, every moment keenly aware.

* * * *

History is replete with rebels of every shade.
To stand alone is nothing new under this star's steady gaze.
They have provoked many adjustments, set the course many new directions,
But have any, ever fundamentally rewritten the startup source code, of the human paradigm?
Have any, ever even once, managed to get the jungle out of the monkey?
History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, uncertainty, critical thinking,
Naturally grow in a mind, inordinately bent on unlocking its mystery,
A mind resolved on discerning the reality of consciousness emanating from within.

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness,
Is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

The mind can be heaven, the mind can be purgatory, the mind can be hell … Attitude is all.
Heaven requires a discerning mind, and certain endorphins help, as well.
Oh well and so it goes, if You are unable to manage it,
Or circumstances beyond your control, are running the show.

* * * *

Nothing like finally discerning, finally learning, finally ascertaining, finally realizing,
That assumption, made many years before, was absolutely, off the mark.
Sometimes, so off-kilter, as to be from tip-to-toe opposite,
What You had deluded yourself into believing.

* * * *

You are this set of biological functions; You are not this set of biological functions.

You are this set of bodily networks; You are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; You are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; You are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; You are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; You are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; You are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; You are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; You are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; You are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; You are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; You are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; You are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; You are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; You are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; You are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; You are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; You are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; You are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; You are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; You are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

* * * *

What is perception, what is thought, what is imagination, but lightning storms in the cranium,
Given whatever meaning and purpose, the winds of nature-nurture have determined.
Call it conditioning, call it habituation, call it teaching, call it programming,
Call it patterning, call it imitating, call it copying, call it designing,
Call it indoctrination, call it domestication, call it brainwashing, call it whatever.
It is what it is, and we as a species have played out, and will always play out, the same paradigm.

* * * *

The ways and means the vanities dream up, to play out their ceaseless absurdities,
Morph in every conceivable permutation, but are ever the same monkey,
Thinly disguised, by yet another shade-of-gray layer of sparkle.

* * * *

Whittling down the vast muddle of deities to just one,
What a chore, what a power struggle, it has historically proven to be.
And now, what to name this one deity, the wrestling match of these our modern times.
And once that is well-established, what creed, what scripture, what commandments, what dress code,
What, what, what … will ever resolve the ever-expanding arrays of vanity,
We two-leggeds, in every way, portray as truth?

* * * *

Laws, commandments, regulations, rules, decrees, edicts, directives,
Principles, maxims, axioms, dictums, morals, scruples, codes,

Tenets, ethics, mores, values, traditions, beliefs, et cetera,
Are artifices of human invention, as are all the ceaseless deities,
Fabricated to give the carrots of desire, and sticks of fear, greater heft.

* * * *

Becoming and unbecoming, what effort it takes.
Being as nothing is uncomplicated.
Much less quixotic.

* * * *

Any given cosmos is but a quantum weaving, an inexplicable mystery,
To which all minds bent on inquiry, on examination, on investigation, on analysis,
Must ever waggle their pontificating domes in interminable wonder, that all their conclusions,
All their deductions, all their assumptions, all their inferences, all their suppositions,
Are really nothing more than inconsequential, meaningless speculation.
Even the most brilliant, astute minds, must ultimately realize,
There are ever so many things never to be known.

* * * *

The United States of America:
A constitutional republic whose democratic notions about freedom and equality,
Have always been a little more than suspect.

* * * *

You are the clayness, the essence,
The kernal, the substance, the distillation, the chi, the force,
The soul, the spirit, the quantum, the godness,
Call it whatever You will,
Come to life.

* * * *

There are any number of positives and negatives,
To most anything and everything in any decision-making process.
The trick is making pragmatic choices, however any of the variables are weighted,
As often as the given circumstances, the given conditions, allow.

* * * *

Your frame of reference steadily enhances,
With everything You discern, with everything You do.
It is the pulp, the mash, in the still of your ever-bubbling wisdom.
The distillation of the intelligent mind, the distillation of the intelligent design.

* * * *

The one and only mystery, is, has ever been, will ever be,
The immaculate You, that permeates all things small to great.

* * * *

The sage is no greater than any fool or king,

Merely more aware of the awareness,
In which all indivisibly wander.

* * * *

Those who are inspired, who are fated, to delve into this perpetual mystery,
Arrive in every time, in every geography, in every culture, in every size, in every shape.
All are imbued with the same ineffable, immutable, undying awareness.
Quantum is quantum, no matter the smokescreen.

* * * *

Pride, more pride, even more pride.
Envy, more envy, even more envy.
Lust, more lust, even more lust.
Sloth, more sloth, even more sloth.
Greed, more greed, even more greed.
Wrath, more wrath, even more wrath.
Gluttony, more gluttony, even more gluttony.
The Seven Deadly Sins: Monarchs of the human mind.

* * * *

What is the highest high,
But going to the brink of death, riding its edge,
Surviving, but only just barely.

* * * *

What is vanity but a self-absorbed monkey-mind need,
To attain some sort of significance, some sort of meaning, some sort of purpose.
Nothing more than a denial of the inherent aloneness,
The innate anonymity of all.

* * * *

Every moment, a new reckoning, none a continuum,
But for imagination's inclination for time-bound assumptions.
Discern the causeless, discern the effectless, of each and every moment,
And You will be enlightened witness, that the mystery of nature has ever inspired.

* * * *

Science is the investigation of anything and everything,
To whatever degree mind and technology allow.
It is a never-ending process, with an ever-expanding scope.
The challenge for any given scientist, is to keep the pie whole all the while.

* * * *

Leaders should never charge into war,
For once dogs are set loose, once blades are unsheathed,
The long and winding path of destruction and suffering, is harsh and bitter.
Only the one-percenters and their minions prosper unscathed.

* * * *

What can ever truly touch the indivisible emptiness prior to all manifestation,
Prior to all the creation-preservation-destruction of quantum design.
This vast mystery is but a timeless, kaleidoscoping light show,
To which consciousness is but imaginary witness.

* * * *

Titles from the Hopi language used in the Qatsi Trilogy:
Koyaanisqatsi: Unbalanced life.
Powaqqatsi: Parasitic way of life, life in transition.
Naqoyqatsi: Life as war, civilized violence, a life of killing each other.

* * * *

You, in the utter aloneness of pure awareness, are the eternal nowness, the eternal life,
Playing the quantum matrix real, timelessly witnessing the mystery, You are,
The mystery You have ever been, the mystery You will ever be.

* * * *

The mind of mystery,
Is the eye of mystery, the ear of mystery,
The tongue of mystery, the nose of mystery, the touch of mystery.
And all naught but eensy-weensy sensory readers,
Of the grand quantum totality.

* * * *

Sometime the mind imprisons, sometimes the mind frees.
The awareness You are, each and every moment chooses.

* * * *

For all our trifling narcissistic reveries,
All our trifling hedonistic pleasures,
How so very lonely we remain.
Embracing the aloneness,
Is not easy for all.

* * * *

Totally giving your Self over, to the timeless awareness, You truly are,
Is as close as You can ever come, to the indivisible absoluteness,
Of this mystery, that You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

One experiment determines one thing,
Another concludes something entirely different.
Sometimes it takes scientists awhile to fathom the details.
Which causes no end of vexation to those seeking simple answers.
Alas for so many, that the grand mystery is permeated by irony and paradox.

* * * *

From the moment You are conceived,
You begin a long and winding wander.
To one executioner's block or another.
Your fate is etched in the sands of time.

* * * *

Fashioned by consciousness in the ever-kaleidoscoping theater of space and time,
We all together, each in our own unique frame-of-reference way,
Are co-creating, co-preserving, co-destroying.

* * * *

Discern pure awareness,
Prior to all conditioning,
Prior to all said and done,
Prior to all conscious design.

* * * *

Were it not but for all your imaginary, self-absorbed, pleasure-seeking notions,
Would You really be anything more than a vessel filled with crunchy-chewy-gooey?

* * * *

Be the indelible mystery of your all-but-infinite universe and its immeasurable unknown.
Be all it is, and is not, from its intangible beginning, to its intangible ending,
And from its intangible before, to its intangible after, as well.
This little mind-body and its fabricated identity,
To which You are so vainly attached,
Is but a very brief, a very hollow dream.

* * * *

So many concepts describing the same thing,
And the immaculate pie ever whole all the while.

* * * *

Looking back at the long and winding rolodex of perception of your dreamy existence,
Did it ever really happen, is it really happening right now,
And what makes You so sure?

* * * *

The weight of your world, of your cosmos,
Is but a sensory-laden, imaginary one.
Atlas shrugged, and You can, too.

* * * *

All creation is really as modern as it is ancient; all creation is really as ancient as it is modern.
The relativity of the dreamtime You are streamlessly witnessing, and believing so real,
Is tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of years, both ago and hence.
Each and every part and particle very much eternally ever-present,
In all the incalculable pasts, all the incalculable futures, that the indelible awareness,

In every way and shape and manner, simultaneously permeates, in this indivisible quantum theater.

* * * *

Why on earth do You need the sanction of any other?
Be your own law, be your own sovereign, be your own herald,
In your indivisible, ever-present, imaginary kingdom.

* * * *

The mind is swept up by the windy senses,
Into an imaginary existence fashioned by nature-nurture.
To discern the ultimate reality, awareness must release into its eternal abyss.
True nature, true Self, is prior to any and all dimensions,
In this beyond-boggling mystery,
You are.

* * * *

What Now?
What Now!
What Now!?

* * * *

Yet another intellectual device, another outline, another framework, another agenda,
Left to wander alone in the dank, musty, obscure corridors of the Ivory Tower,
Destined never to see the light of any influence, much less fame or fortune.

* * * *

To be at peace, to align with the eternal way,
You must discern the final course, the ultimate tack.
You must leave behind the sphere of imaginary knowing.
You must still the busy mind into its eternal unknown,
Into the awareness prior to little-self consciousness.

* * * *

Heraclitus and Freud wrote of the same smoky truth:
A man's character – the whimsical dance of imagination – is his fate.
Anatomy – the indivisible dance of physics and chemistry and biology – is destiny.

* * * *

One day, on top of the world,
The next, a cocked pistol in the mouth.
The one-breath-at-time of mind can be like that.

* * * *

Just because something does not matter to you,
Does not mean it to be neither true nor important.

* * * *

So many lost in the trees, they never even begin to discern the forest.

And though the trees are endlessly engaging in their own right,
For those who would see, they are ultimately but a means to realize the whole.
As the eyes of age confirm ever again: (The/A) Devil (is) in the detail(s); God is the full monty.

* * * *

We are all very much alone in our own little cosmos.
Peering out from a mask that can never be seen.
A dreamy mystery that can never be known.

* * * *

The definition of success does not in any way, any shape, any size,
Include pride or envy or gluttony or lust or wrath or greed or sloth.

* * * *

The hunger switch – turn it on, turn it off – You choose.
The difference between attachment and detachment,
For anything and everything, is a discerning mind.

* * * *

How will that knack for abiding and thriving in the ecstasies of the digital realms,
Translate into the day-to-day mind, that the mundane nature of adulthood entails?

* * * *

No need to allow the raucous world into your mind, at least not all the time.
No need for all those piddling footprints, all those this's and that's,
To always be wandering helter-skelter, muddling things up,
Causing all sorts of bother, both within and without.
Give your Self a timeout, a rest, a breather,
At least now and again, in the every once in a while.

* * * *

Yes, You may well be quite bright, but rest assured, very few, if any of us,
Is near the wag that the delusions of vanity so inevitably incline.
What the smartest guy in the room could really use,
Is a reality-check slap across the face.

* * * *

The entire ineffable mystery of this cosmos, from big bang to big collapse;
Your entire existence, from conception to last wheezing breath;
Is all happening this very timeless singular moment.
And there is absolutely nothing You can do,
To change even one instant.

* * * *

Awareness moves not.
It is ever-present, ephemeral, eternal.
Only a very still, very composed, very attentive mind,
Can discern it, the singular source of all consciousness, of all dreamtime,

Of all creation, of all preservation, of all destruction.
And from before all beginnings,
To after all endings,
It is all the You, You truly are.

* * * *

What is that which is called God by so many names, but an impersonal all and nothing.
An implausible totality, so absolute, so timeless, as to be everything and nothing all the while.
An eternal quantum mystery so intrinsic, as to be and not be, simultaneously, in every pointless point.
How is it, humankind is not genuinely, beyond all doubt, humbled by its relative insignificance?
How is it, the monkey-mind has been so thoroughly beguiled by narcissism and hedonism?
How is it, we two-leggeds have become such an awful blight, such a rapacious cancer?

* * * *

It matters much less what is going on out there,
Once You discern what is not going on in there.

* * * *

Is it the hardwired, programmed, conditioned consciousness,
That spawns intelligence, that contrives all thoughts and actions?
Or the awareness, that permeates all forms, throughout all creation?

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same jungle, all ultimately equal.
Skin color is nothing more than a matter of latitude,
Of where our more recent ancestors resided.
Cultures are but arbitrary agreements.
We are all enslaved by the chains,
We give harbor in our minds.
Each alone must seek to be free.

* * * *

The now that was then,
And the now that will be when,
Is the one and only now, that has ever been,
In the very right here, very right now.

* * * *

What a mesmerizing, absorbing thing, the sensory mind.
Over and over, it is drawn into the delusion of illusion.
You must be very still, very attentive, very discerning,
To be the timeless, indivisible absoluteness, You truly are.
A courageousness, that transcends birth and death, is required.

* * * *

Breathing in, breathing out, as fully, as deeply, as You can,
Is as much as the mystery of eternity can offer.
It is as present as You can ever be.

* * * *

Living and dying each and every moment, is the way of the mind given over,
To the mysterious, ever-emanating nowness, of eternal awareness.
Space-time is but the illusion of the neuron trail.

* * * *

What is the tongue but a nerve-ridden muscular organ,
That any given mind employs to perceive sweet, salty, sour, bitter, unami.
The same process is true of eyes with light, ears with sound, nose with smell, skin with touch.
Through illusions fostered by flesh, all universes are born into imagination,
And through imagination, every delusion imaginable,
Plays out in the dream of time.

* * * *

Your skeptical, cynical, critical, inquiring mind, as rational as it may seek to be,
Resides within an irrational mystery, that has never embraced rhyme or reason.

* * * *

"Can it get any more stupid?" You ask.
Alas, the short answer is, "Yes, it can."

* * * *

Every living creature has its own point of view, its own cosmos.
Plants, animals, protists, fungi, archaebacteria, eubacteria,
All play out their timeless dreamtime real, in their own unique way,
But what is real, and is any perspective really any more so, than any other?

* * * *

Every game has its rules, and there are so many games.
But what of the eclectic mind, that crosses any and all boundaries,
The awakened mind, that morphs without restraint, any way it may choose.
The god-mind functions in a quality of beingness, that transcends all notions of sanity.
Some speak out from one podium or another, some are crucified, some become garden statues.
Who knows how many amble – freely, anonymously, watchfully – among the harried herd.
And some likely just throw in the towel, and blow their minds back into the oblivion.
Seers wander the dreamtime, untethered to the boundaries of human limitation.

* * * *

What is power? What is fame? What is fortune?
But enticing sirens to vanity's rocky shoals and cliffs.

* * * *

Odds are good, just about everything You really think matters,
Everything involving your niggling, narcissistic, me-myself-and-I paradigm,
In reality, does not ultimately matter even one iota, in the grand schemelessness of it all.
Your significance to the electromagnetic spectrum is null and void diddly-squat.

* * * *

The contest between the tortoise and the hare, is not just a children's parable.
Humble and steady and stoic, often overcome arrogance and passion and indolence.
Best to never underestimate, never disqualify, either opponent or circumstance.

* * * *

The quantum source abides all.
It is indifferent to any and all and every difference.
Black and white, good and evil, yes and no, dualities of any make or model,
Are but the ephemeral whimsies of temporal imagination.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness, peers out equally, through all the creations of its quantum theater,
Interacting in every way imaginable, as the nature-nurtured patterning and scenario dictate.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe.
From it, all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

Another Buddha.
Kill it, holmes.

* * * *

To be the immortal essence You truly are and are not, die to it all, let it all go.
Death while living, is to be finished with what is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Your cosmos is whatever You perceive it to be,
And no one else's will ever, or can ever, be the same.
You are very much alone in the abyss of your awareness,
No matter how zealously You may long for it to be otherwise.

* * * *

In the very spaceless, very timeless, awareness sense,
What might You be doing right here, right now,
That would really be all that different,
Than what You are doing right here, right now?

* * * *

Why would You dread a deity in which You do not believe?
Is it even worth wasting one scintilla of time discussing it?

* * * *

Respect begets respect.
Contempt begets contempt.
Cause begets effect; effect, cause.
Time never dies; the circle is not round.

* * * *

The continual assertion by someone,
That they are strong or beautiful or honest or anything,
Suggests they do not sincerely believe it true.

* * * *

There ain't no dark side, there ain't no light side, there ain't no side at all.
There just be a streaming dreamtime, through the awareness,
That really-truly ain't no dreamtime at all.

* * * *

There is no end to the "what ifs" of any historical contemplation, no matter the scale,
Be it individual, group, world, cosmic, or whatever else any mind might attempt to fathom.

* * * *

Each and every one of us in the human paradigm, is a true believer to one degree or another.
The fact that we collude our identities real, assume space-time real, is the first and last self-deception.
A byzantine complicity, to which our kind is genetically and culturally bound, for the rest of mind.

* * * *

Inside the eyes, inside the ears, inside the nose,
Inside the tongue, inside the skin,
Where are You?
And where does the boundary,
Between inside and outside begin and end?

* * * *

Your perfection is in everything imagined.
Your perfection is not in anything imagined.

* * * *

What are sight and sound and taste and smell and feeling,
But vibration interpreted by the mind steeped in illusion.

* * * *

How is it even remotely possible,
For anyone to be as asleep and undoubting at the end,
As they were in the beginning?

* * * *

It is nothing any day before that.
It is nothing the day before.
It is nothing yesterday.
It is nothing today.
It is nothing tomorrow.
It is nothing the day after.
It is nothing any day after that.

* * * *

How free is the individual in any meme?
How free is the individual in any group?
How free is the individual in any mind?

* * * *

This right-here-right-now is all that matters.
Everything before, everything hence, means nothing.
All is but a passing dream, to which You may subscribe or not.

* * * *

Chances are, that wherever You journey, no matter how far, You will always be You.
With all your assumptions, all your behaviors, all your prejudices, all your boundaries,
All filtered by time-bound imagination, timelessly streaming through pristine awareness.

* * * *

So, You are totally open, totally inclusive, totally loving,
Except all those many times when You are not, eh?
Such a tough show pretending to be so perfect.
What intermittent cronies, heart and mind can be.
We all suffer from one variety of miasma or another.

* * * *

The clear space of awareness is the enigma, the paradox, the irony,
The aloneness, the indivisibility, the absoluteness, the limitless,
The totality, the infinity, the infinitesimalibility, the solace,
The oblivion, You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

In every inclusion, some exclusion.
In every exclusion, some inclusion.

* * * *

Those who believe themselves free of vanity, only delude themselves.
Consciousness has an insatiable proclivity for chasing its own tail round and round.
In pure awareness, the one and only You, is, timelessly, indivisibly free,
But only until consciousness rouses, however slightly.

* * * *

How long before You reach that final exit?
How long before the imaginary you evaporates,
Into the indivisible tranquility of pure awareness?
How long before the last word really-truly-finally is?

* * * *

Surely one must be agnostic,
For if there is a supreme being,

It is far greater than any thought.
Why pretend to know anything?

* * * *

And from what might You hope You can be rescued?
Misfortune? Conflict? Suffering? Pain? Death?
If You truly fathomed what life and death are,
You might well perceive eternity's harmonic ballet,
Playing out before your very eyes, each and every twinkling.
That birth and death are but temporal illusions of mind-body consciousness.
That the you, to which You subscribe, is in reality nothing more than a figment of imagination.
Eternal life is the stillness of the unborn-undying awareness, You every instant are,
Witnessing the reverie of a quantum matrix, born of a quantum mind.

* * * *

Tranquility is an inward state.
An outward sensory reflection may seem the cause,
But it is a mind in sync with the quantum beingness from which it is fostered.
Even in the most chaotic arena imaginable, serenity can reign,
In the fearlessness of unblemished awareness.

* * * *

Can You waylay all the pitter-patter chatter of imaginary identity, and just be?
Can You release your consciousness from all its fictional attachments,
To culture, politics, religion, finance, gender, education,
Emotion, language, race, caste, et cetera.
Can You be just the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

Never assume any history to be totally true.
Every witness, every mind, has its own confined perception.
None ever in any way exactly the same, none ever in any way entirely accurate.
Every soldier on a battlefield has his own unique account.
And the dead, the one never known.

* * * *

So many on the lower rungs of any given society, trying so hard to attain equality,
With those they perceive to be in some higher caste, and by doing so ever remain subjugated.
Stand aloof from all cultural reference points, stand free of all imaginary notions.
None need impinge upon the sovereignty of your true essential nature.

* * * *

From the essential quantum perspective,
The so-called evil deed is as indivisible as the good one.
Consciousness is not in any way as important to the infinity of eternity,
As the egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliocentric mind, in its limited visions, assumes.
The temporal individual-tribal mind is to be transcended, not embraced.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination.
Awareness is a function of eternity.

* * * *

You could be anywhere in your world, anywhere in your universe,
And if You close your eyes, and still your thoughts,
Be where You have always been.

* * * *

History is the momentum of forces bent on creation and preservation and destruction,
As intentionally or unintentionally contrived, by individuals and collectives and alliances between.
It is the synergistic rippling of every variety of current, coursing every direction,
Subject only to the whims of time, and the laws of physics.

* * * *

We are one and all the same essence, the same creation, the same source, the same gold, come to life.
With but five senses, we have each fashioned, we have each imagined, immense universes.
Why should we not, all together, celebrate the mystery that has stitched together,
Within and without each of us, a timeless, indivisible quantum matrix,
Through which each, very much alone, abides their given lot.
A singular vision that relatively few, feel called to clearly realize.

* * * *

What is will, but the psychic synergy of desire and fear.
The fear of not being, the fear of not having, the fear of not feeling.
Of craving this or that, and fearing it will not be, or that it will not forever last.
An insatiable hunger for more, that can never be quenched, no matter the dreamtime allotted.

* * * *

Dead or alive, what difference but a flurry of imagination,
Which, from the beginning to the end, is in truth, nothing.

* * * *

What torture it can be to exist, to live, to be or not be, in this mortal realm.
And for what, but vain notion, for bits and pieces of the countless pleasures life can offer.
And what from that, but endless variations of pain and suffering,
And motley stews of related bother.

* * * *

Superstitions are the relentless concoctions of ignorance,
And its willy-nilly attempts to placate the great fear,
That evolved in the dark jungles of so long ago.

* * * *

English is the language, the lingua franca, that possesses the flexibility,
The adaptability, the universality, expedient for these our modern times.

* * * *

Communism and socialism are egalitarian ideals,
No human grouping has ever, will ever, be long able to sustain.
There is no self-interest in bee hives and ant hills.
In the human paradigm, nothing but.

* * * *

Yet another addition to the feed lot, another trough for the masses to vent their insatiable hunger.
So many bloated bellies and rears, so many rotund faces and tree-trunk thighs and calves.
People really should start branding themselves with all their happy meal choices.
More than a little frightening; almost like Halloween every day anymore.

* * * *

Life is born of patterns, predispositions, instincts.
But it is imagination that transcends the origins of matter,
And how probable is that, in the farthest reaches of space and time?
There are billions and billions, maybe even trillions and trillions of galaxies,
But the dreamtime of humankind will never discover, never know, anything firsthand,
About the all-but-infinite mysteries playing out in the all-but-infinite shores.
The fictions of paper and screen will be as far as we ever travel.

* * * *

And what is forever, and what is not forever,
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

If You see and hear only words, You see and hear nothing.
It is in the space between them, that meaning is discerned.

* * * *

Has it occurred to You, that You might have total control over the roiling movement of your mind?
Total control over the thunderstorms flashing about, in the synapses of the given brain.
Perfect equanimity may be attainable, if You are able to be detached enough,
To not care about anything, your universe might set before You.
You need not allow the mundane into your sanctum,
But for the desire-fear-dread that have so shaped your dreamtime.
To respond, rather than react, to the given kaleidoscoping, is the challenge for all.

* * * *

In the pure nihilistic mind,
The mind that doubts everything,
The mind that no longer seeks meaning,
The mind that no longer necessitates purpose,
The mind that no longer acknowledges dogma,
The mind that no longer maintains principles,
The mind that no longer asserts knowledge,
The mind that literally believes nothing,
The first and last freedom reigns.

* * * *

Greater and lesser minds always have so many answers,
To so many questions, it would never occur to any child to ask.
How ironic that we all give our tabula rasa, our empty slate, our innocence,
Over to so much absurdity, so much irrationality, so much horror.
So much narcissistic vanity, so much hedonistic greed.

* * * *

Even if there is a supreme being, or even many, so what?
All things small to great are born of the same timeless source.
As an ant is to You, You are to any wave or particle of the mystery.
All else is but vanity born of one imaginary notion or another.

* * * *

What is money? What is gold? What are jewels?
Once You discern time and health, the only wealth,
And that, as fleeting as the sands of time have ever been.

* * * *

What difference, really, between reaching across a table or across a universe?
What difference, really, between a shattering glass or an exploding galaxy?
Physics is physics, quantum is quantum, indivisible, no matter the scale.

* * * *

Mind can run on and on and on like a hamster wheel,
Going round and round and round on a journey nowhere.
Effortless as it is, getting off is rarely easy, much less painless,
But not impossible, for those rare few determined to find their way.

* * * *

To live fully, mindfully, born and perishing, each and every moment,
Is to be attentive, without urgency, breathing fully, regularly, no direction known.
Ever the same, whether thought in abeyance, or moving like a temperate, unobtrusive breeze.

* * * *

You have never really been in control of anything in this ephemeral dreamtime.
Rest assured You will have even less say after You dissolve back into the mystery.

* * * *

I who am, I what am, I where am, I when am, I why am, I how am,
How can any me, any myself, any I, ever be anything but the same mystery,
The same upwelling, the same unknown, the same abyss, the same quantum essence,
Eternally ever-present, timelessly streaming, indivisibly emanating, unremittingly enduring,
Ever witnessing the kaleidoscoping dream of creation and preservation and destruction,
Through the awareness of the given seed, and its passage through the winds of mind.

* * * *

Why would You need to believe in,
To worship, to venerate, to adulate, to idolize,
Some imaginary, iconic, dualistic, on-high Olympian deity,
When You can linger in non-dualistic awareness,
When You can simply be the entirety,
Timelessly transient.

* * * *

What is your persona but a defensive psychic shield, against the harshness of your universe.
An imaginary identity with which You daily manage your world as it has molded You.
Alas, what happened to the innocence, in which You wandered your childhood?

* * * *

It has to be a harmonic orchestration; how else could it seamlessly function?
Duality is but a deception of consciousness, inspired by the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

To care or not to care, You every moment decide.
Choose yes, choose no, consequences ever ripple.

* * * *

Be wary of those who crow their spiritual illumination.
Satori is but a quickly-passed moment along the road less traveled.
A long and winding trail whose every step, every breath, beckons full attention.
There is the awakening, and there is the process of emancipation for whatever time remains.

* * * *

What is any nation-state but an overlarge tribe.
An idea born of mind, conceived of me and myself and I,
Used by the most self-absorbed, to garner power and fame and fortune,
At the expense of all who so earnestly, so simply, so naively, so foolishly, believe.

* * * *

What no one knows is much easier to forget.
If You want a secret kept, best keep it to yourself.

* * * *

You are the indelible mystery come unto life.
Do not be so arrogant, so narcissistic, that You do not discern,
That You are not the only You that is, that has ever been, that will ever be.
The same You abides in every animate and inanimate form that might ever be concocted.
Every part and particle, every chasm between, it is all the same indivisible, singular, unknowable You.
Everything seen, everything heard, everything tasted, everything smelt, everything felt.
Everything created, everything preserved, everything destroyed.
Whether You tread softly, or harshly, or not at all,
Know, without doubt, without disquiet,
That there is not, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

The mystery is whatever it pleases You to believe, and none of it all the while,
Because no thought, no dream of consciousness, can or has ever or will ever, touch it.
And to believe, to assert otherwise, is nothing more than self-absorbed delusion.

* * * *

Prince or pauper, warrior or coward,
Scholar or imbecilic, saint or sinner,
The dream of time passes the same.
What difference but hollow notion.

* * * *

You are the ever-present awareness,
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.
All thoughts about it are but vanity.
Existence is but a hollow shell.

* * * *

If You had but eyes, your universe would be but sight.
If You had but an ear, your universe would be but sound.
If You had but a mouth, your universe would be but taste.
If You had but a nose, your universe would be but smell.
If You had but skin, your universe would be but touch.
And what would your universe be, with but mind?

* * * *

All belief, all tradition, all dogma, all speculation, is nothing more than imaginary confabulation,
Of the mind ever seeking security, ever assuming there must be an answer to the insoluble unknown.

* * * *

Why should there be, how can there be, any who?
Why should there be, how can there be, any what?
Why should there be, how can there be, any where?
Why should there be, how can there be, any when?
Why should there be, how can there be, any why?
Why should there be, how can there be, any how?

* * * *

The mind ever tries to control the what is, but it never can, never has, never will,
Because the space-time born of consciousness is not real,
Never has been, will never be.

* * * *

There is no observer, only observing.
There is no listener, only listening.
There is no taster, only tasting.
There is no feeler, only feeling.
There is no smeller, only smelling,

And those are but senses, feeding into a neural transmitter.
A brain, a mind, whose very existence, is an unverifiable assumption,
That has yet to be proven, more than a mundane illusion, born of imagination.
If any other fellow earthling played our absurdity game, we would snicker and snigger.

* * * *

All religions and cults are but predictable collections of clichés,
Platitudes, banalities, triteness, truisms, formulas, lies,
Sayings, hypocrisies, insincerities, hokum, tokenisms, false pieties,
Deceptions, deceits, pretenses, propagandas, shams, hooeys, humbugs, hogwash,
Nonsenses, claptraps, baloneys, bunkums, codswallops, rubbishes, gibberish, garbage, lip service,
And whatever else it takes to get into your wallet, and eventually your progeny's, as well.

* * * *

You are, have ever been, will ever be, the same eternal, indivisible, sovereign, immortal Self.
It is only the nature-nurture, the spaces and times, the minds and bodies,
The cultures and language, and everything other,
That appear to change.

* * * *

What is so much of any day-to-day, in these our modern times, but thing management.
Buy it, unpack it, use it, manage it, clean it, repair it, insure it, store it, file it,
Give it, lend it, replace it, upgrade it, trade it, sell it, lose it, toss it,
Remember it, forget it, remember it, forget it, on and on.

* * * *

We cannot all sit in an ashram, nor do we all want to.
Most of us, to whatever capacity we are able,
Fit inquiry into our given day-to-day.

* * * *

The world will do everything it can,
To drag You back to its illusion,
Inspired by your delusion.

* * * *

What is an eclipse, but one relatively large piece of orbiting dust,
Getting between another relatively large piece of dust, and a nuclear-powered flashlight.
Yet another relatively inflated example of much ado about nothing,
In the relativity of the human absurdity.

* * * *

We are all sorry we did a lot of things.
We are all sorry we did not do a lot of things.
So it goes, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Humankind's domestication of this garden world,

Is but a relatively temporary reign.
Darwin will rise again.

* * * *

The universe is a quantum matrix – a timeless, indivisible, indelible, vibratory theater.
Every life form has its own unique relationship with its enigmatic mystery.
In humankind, it is through the eyes, that the mind discerns light;
Ears, sound; tongue, taste; nose, smell; flesh, touch.
What would your cosmos, your world, be,
With even one or two or three less, much less all?

* * * *

The jellyfish have survived 650 million years because they are born,
Without any hope or expectation or desire for anything more than just serenely drifting along.
Unlike human beings – who really should be called human becomings –
Just being has always been more than enough.

* * * *

Your sense of significance is highly exaggerated, highly overrated.
As all-important as your path to glory likely theaters out in that temporal head,
It is at best barely a twitch of a vibration on the Richter scale of the electromagnetic matrix.

* * * *

If there is no more carrot, no more stick, no more seeking, no more seeker,
Who is left to hee, who is left to haw, in that infinite liberation?
Existence, and all the illusions and delusions, to which so many, are so attached,
May be very agonizing, but is it better than nothing? … And who is asking? ... Who is answering?

* * * *

Titles on Consciousness

The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Depths of Consciousness
The Cloud of Consciousness
The Conscious Eye
The Parameters of Consciousness
The Nuances of Consciousness
The Miasma of Human Consciousness
The Maelstrom of Human Consciousness
Paradigms of Consciousness
The Conscious Breath
The Conscious Witness
The Matrix of Consciousness
The Sands of Consciousness
The Bounds of Consciousness
The Theater of Consciousness
The Big Bang of Consciousness
The Sphere of Consciousness

Consciousness is Smoke; Awareness, Fire
Self Consciousness
The Spectrum of Consciousness
The Living Death of Consciousness
The Collusion of Consciousness
The Winds of Consciousness
The Relativity of Consciousness
Consciousness or Awareness, Your Choice
Ethereal Awareness, Ephemeral Consciousness
Consciousness Measures, Awareness Streams
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
Faces of Consciousness
Harbors of Consciousness
Windows of Consciousness
Streaming Consciousness
Consciousness is the Flaw
The Fog of Consciousness
The Dance of Consciousness
The Bane of Consciousness
Instinct Slathered with Consciousness
The Absurdity of Consciousness
A Collusion of Consciousness
The Schizophrenia of Consciousness
The Mystery of Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Quantum
The Motley Winds of Consciousness
The Netherworld of Consciousness
The Hubris of Consciousness
The Bravado of Consciousness
Wandering the Relativity of Consciousness
The Narcissist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Web of Consciousness
The Contractions of Consciousness
The Awareness Prior to Consciousness
The Oppression of Consciousness
The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness
Consciousness, the Usurper
The Gordian Knot of Consciousness
Consciousness (a.k.a., Imagination)
The Trilogy of Consciousness
The Whims of Consciousness
The Shallows of Consciousness
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
The Pleasure of Consciousness
The Pain of Consciousness

The Trilogy of Consciousness:

Power, Fame, Fortune

The Ever-Changing Consciousness:
Remembering and Forgetting Its Imaginary Creation.

Titles, Titles & More Titles 2018

* * * *

Effing the ineffable.
More effing the ineffable.
Even more effing the ineffable.

* * * *

Gobbledygook.
More gobbledygook.
Even more gobbledygook.

* * * *

Human drivel.
More human drivel.
Even more human drivel.

* * * *

Mind gorp.
More mind gorp.
Even more mind gorp.

* * * *

Much ado about nothing.
More much ado about nothing.
Even more much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Dogma.
More dogma.
Even more dogma.

* * * *

Glory.
More glory.
Even more glory.

* * * *

Vanity.
More vanity.
Even more vanity.

* * * *

Chaos.
More chaos.
Even more chaos.

* * * *

Absurdity.
More absurdity.
Even more absurdity.

* * * *

Rules.
More rules.
Even more rules.

* * * *

Laws.
More laws.
Even more laws.

* * * *

Power.
More power.
Even more power.

* * * *

Fame.
More fame.
Even more fame.

* * * *

Fortune.
More fortune.
Even more fortune.

* * * *

Concepts.
More concepts.
Even more concepts.

* * * *

Done.
More done.
Even more done.

* * * *

Scourge.
More scourge.
Even more scourge.

* * * *

Mind doodles.
More mind doodles.
Even more mind doodles.

* * * *

Human drivel.
More human drivel.
Even more human drivel.

* * * *

Déjà vu.
More déjà vu.
Even more déjà vu.

* * * *

Metaphors.
More metaphors.
Even more metaphors.

* * * *

Consequences.
More consequences.
Even more consequences.

* * * *

Meaninglessness.
More meaninglessness.
Even more meaninglessness.

* * * *

Purposelessness.
More purposelessness.
Even more purposelessness.

* * * *

Me, myself, and I.
More me, myself, and I.
Even more me, myself, and I.

* * * *

Cute.
More cute.
Even more cute.

* * * *

Entitlement.

More entitlement.
Even more entitlement.

* * * *

Duh.
More duh.
Even more duh.

* * * *

Doh.
More doh.
Even more doh.

* * * *

Future-past.
More future-past.
Even more future-past.

* * * *

Say whaaaat?!!
More say whaaaat?!!
Even more say whaaaat?!!

* * * *

Tool-making.
More tool-making.
Even more tool-making.

* * * *

Home invasion.
More home invasion.
Even more home invasion.

* * * *

Deception.
More deception.
Even more deception.

* * * *

Civilization.
More civilization.
Even more civilization.

* * * *

Savagery.
More savagery.
Even more savagery.

* * * *

Delusion.
More delusion.
Even more delusion.

* * * *

Confusion.
More confusion.
Even more confusion.

* * * *

Revenge.
More revenge.
Even more revenge.

* * * *

Forgiveness.
More forgiveness.
Even more forgiveness.

* * * *

Folderol.
More folderol.
Even more folderol.

* * * *

Be here now.
More be here now.
Even more be here now.

* * * *

Be there now.
More be there now.
Even more be there now.

* * * *

Nowhere now.
More nowhere now.
Even more nowhere now.

* * * *

Life of moi.
More life of moi.
Even more life of moi.

* * * *

End is nigh.
More end is nigh.

Even more end is nigh.

* * * *

Nowhere.
More nowhere.
Even more nowhere.

* * * *

Bragging.
More bragging.
Even more bragging.

* * * *

Dramas.
More dramas.
Even more dramas.

* * * *

Soap operas.
More soap operas.
Even more soap operas.

* * * *

Insoluble problems.
More insoluble problems.
Even more insoluble problems.

* * * *

Empowerment.
More empowerment.
Even more empowerment.

* * * *

Disempowerment.
More disempowerment.
Even more disempowerment.

* * * *

Self-absorption.
More self-absorption.
Even more self-absorption.

* * * *

Self-aggrandizement.
More self-aggrandizement.
Even more self-aggrandizement.

* * * *

Opening game.
More opening game.
Even more opening game.

* * * *

Middle game.
More middle game.
Even more middle game.

* * * *

End game.
More end game.
Even more end game.

* * * *

Projects.
More projects.
Even more projects.

* * * *

Conundrums.
More conundrums.
Even more conundrums.

* * * *

Play the gray.
More play the gray.
Even more play the gray.

* * * *

No-others.
More no-others.
Even more no-others.

* * * *

Intelligencia.
More intelligencia.
Even more intelligencia.

* * * *

Aristocracy.
More aristocracy.
Even more aristocracy.

* * * *

Plutocracy.
More plutocracy.
Even more plutocracy.

* * * *

Oligarchy.
More oligarchy.
Even more oligarchy.

* * * *

Tyranny.
More tyranny.
Even more tyranny.

* * * *

Bourgeois.
More bourgeois.
Even more bourgeois.

* * * *

Proletariat.
More proletariat.
Even more proletariat.

* * * *

Deplorables.
More deplorables.
Even more deplorables.

* * * *

Legalisms.
More legalisms.
Even more legalisms.

* * * *

Number-crunchers.
More number-crunchers.
Even more number-crunchers.

* * * *

Politicians.
More politicians.
Even more politicians.

* * * *

Lawyers.
More lawyers.
Even more legalists.

* * * *

Bureaucrats.

More bureaucrats.
Even more bureaucrats.

* * * *

Technocrats.
More technocrats.
Even more technocrats.

* * * *

Political intrigue.
More political intrigue.
Even more political intrigue.

* * * *

Philosophical babble.
More philosophical babble.
Even more philosophical babble.

* * * *

Lone Ranger.
More Lone Ranger.
Even more Lone Ranger.

* * * *

Pleasure.
More pleasure.
Even more pleasure.

* * * *

Pain.
More pain.
Even more pain.

* * * *

Death.
More death.
Even more death.

* * * *

Killing.
More killing.
Even more killing.

* * * *

Desperation.
More desperation.
Even more desperation.

* * * *

Problems.
More problems.
Even more problems.

* * * *

Solutions.
More solutions.
Even more solutions.

* * * *

Answers.
More answers.
Even more answers.

* * * *

Questions.
More questions.
Even more questions.

* * * *

Punctuation.
More punctuation.
Even more punctuation.

* * * *

Words.
More words.
Even more words.

* * * *

Food.
More food.
Even more food.

* * * *

Sustenance.
More sustenance.
Even more sustenance.

* * * *

Pathos.
More pathos.
Even more pathos.

* * * *

Anguish.
More anguish.

Even more anguish.

* * * *

Tragedy.
More tragedy.
Even more tragedy.

* * * *

Joy.
More joy.
Even more joy.

* * * *

Sorrow.
More sorrow.
Even more sorrow.

* * * *

Misery.
More misery.
Even more misery.

* * * *

Grief.
More grief.
Even more grief.

* * * *

Drugs.
More drugs.
Even more drugs.

* * * *

Sickness.
More sickness.
Even more sickness.

* * * *

Technology.
More technology.
Even more technology.

* * * *

Engineering.
More engineering.
Even more engineering.

* * * *

Science.
More science.
Even more science.

* * * *

Buzz.
More buzz.
Even more buzz.

* * * *

Noise.
More noise.
Even more noise.

* * * *

Knowledge.
More knowledge.
Even more knowledge.

* * * *

Plagiarism.
More plagiarism.
Even more plagiarism.

* * * *

Civility.
More civility.
Even more civility.

* * * *

Vulgarity.
More vulgarity.
Even more vulgarity.

* * * *

Boorishness.
More boorishness.
Even more boorishness.

* * * *

Incivility.
More incivility.
Even more incivility.

* * * *

Coarseness.
More coarseness.
Even more coarseness.

* * * *

Bullying.
More bullying.
Even more bullying.

* * * *

War.
More war.
Even more war.

* * * *

Revolution.
More revolution.
Even more revolution.

* * * *

Unrest.
More unrest.
Even more unrest.

* * * *

Strife.
More strife.
Even more strife.

* * * *

Hunger.
More hunger.
Even more hunger.

* * * *

Hoitytoityville.
More Hoitytoityville.
Even more Hoitytoityville.

* * * *

Craving.
More craving.
Even more craving.

* * * *

Contentment.
More contentment.
Even more contentment.

* * * *

Planet of the Apes.

More Planet of the Apes.
Even More Planet of the Apes.

* * * *

Something happened.
More something happened.
Even more something happened.

* * * *

Serenity.
More serenity.
Even more serenity.

* * * *

Eclectic.
More eclectic.
Even more eclectic.

* * * *

Mystery.
More mystery.
Even more mystery.

* * * *

Birth.
More birth.
Even more birth.

* * * *

Paths to glory.
More paths to glory.
Even more paths to glory.

* * * *

Whining.
More whining.
Even more whining.

* * * *

Pap.
More pap.
Even more pap.

* * * *

Space cadet.
More space cadet.
Even more space cadet.

* * * *

Being.
More being.
Even more being.

* * * *

Becoming.
More becoming.
Even more becoming.

* * * *

Thinking.
More thinking.
Even more thinking.

* * * *

Quietude.
More quietude.
Even more quietude.

* * * *

Desire.
More desire.
Even more desire.

* * * *

Fear.
More fear.
Even more fear.

* * * *

Dread.
More dread.
Even more dread.

* * * *

Abyss.
More abyss.
Even more abyss.

* * * *

Serendipity.
More serendipity.
Even more serendipity.

* * * *

Illusion.
More illusion.

Even more illusion.

* * * *

Non sequitur.
More non sequitur.
Even more non sequitur.

* * * *

Endorphins.
More endorphins.
Even more endorphins.

* * * *

More.
More more.
Even more more.

* * * *

Soma.
More soma.
Even more soma.

* * * *

Babbleon.
More babbleon.
Even more babbleon.

* * * *

Twitteron.
More twitteron.
Even more twitteron.

* * * *

Dittoheads.
More dittoheads.
Even more dittoheads.

* * * *

Twitterheads.
More twitterheads.
Even more twitterheads.

* * * *

So it goes.
More so it goes.
Even more so it goes.

* * * *

Food for words.
More food for words.
Even more food for words.

* * * *

Ineffable.
More ineffable
Even more ineffable.

* * * *

Trees Falling.
More Trees Falling.
Even More Trees Falling.

* * * *

No-mind.
More no-mind.
Even more no-mind.

* * * *

Mindless perception.
More mindless perception.
Even more mindless perception.

* * * *

Wisdom.
More wisdom.
Even more wisdom.

* * * *

Foolishness.
More foolishness.
Even more foolishness.

* * * *

Weariness.
More weariness.
Even more weariness.

* * * *

Game face.
More game face.
Even more game face.

* * * *

Practice.
More practice.
Even more practice.

* * * *

Quackery.
More quackery.
Even more quackery.

* * * *

Bittersweet.
More bittersweet.
Even more bittersweet.

* * * *

Caring.
More caring.
Even more caring.

* * * *

Non-Caring.
More non-caring.
Even more non-caring.

* * * *

Sweet.
More sweet.
Even more sweet.

* * * *

Bitter.
More bitter.
Even more bitter.

* * * *

Sour.
More sour.
Even more sour.

* * * *

Smorgasbord.
More smorgasbord.
Even more smorgasbord.

* * * *

Consumption.
More consumption.
Even more consumption.

* * * *

Parochial.

More parochial.
Even more parochial.

* * * *

Cosmopolitan.
More cosmopolitan.
Even more cosmopolitan.

* * * *

Cruelty.
More cruelty.
Even more cruelty.

* * * *

Kindness.
More kindness.
Even more kindness.

* * * *

Nothing.
More nothing.
Even more nothing.

* * * *

Something.
More something.
Even more something.

* * * *

Meditation.
More meditation.
Even more meditation.

* * * *

Contemplation.
More contemplation.
Even more contemplation.

* * * *

Existence.
More existence.
Even more existence.

* * * *

Creation.
More creation.
Even more creation.

* * * *

Void.
More void.
Even more void.

* * * *

Nil.
More nil.
Even more nil.

* * * *

Naught.
More naught.
Even more naught.

* * * *

Brazen.
More brazen.
Even more brazen.

* * * *

Gold.
More gold.
Even more gold.

* * * *

Real gold.
More real gold.
Even more real gold.

* * * *

False gold.
More false gold.
Even more false gold.

* * * *

Scorn.
More scorn.
Even more scorn.

* * * *

Desolation.
More desolation.
Even more desolation.

* * * *

Things.
More things.

Even more things.

* * * *

Sounds.
More sounds.
Even more sounds.

* * * *

Sights.
More sights.
Even more sights.

* * * *

Flavors.
More flavors.
Even more flavors.

* * * *

Tastes.
More tastes.
Even more tastes.

* * * *

Smells.
More smells.
Even more smells.

* * * *

People.
More people.
Even more people.

* * * *

Nada.
More nada.
Even more nada.

* * * *

Mindful.
More mindful.
Even more mindful.

* * * *

Mindless.
More mindless.
Even more mindless.

* * * *

Wordplay.
More wordplay.
Even more wordplay.

* * * *

Numbers.
More numbers.
Even more numbers.

* * * *

Symbols.
More symbols.
Even more symbols.

* * * *

Images.
More images.
Even more images.

* * * *

Colors.
More colors.
Even more colors.

* * * *

Shades of gray.
More shades of gray.
Even more shades of gray.

* * * *

Forms.
More forms.
Even more forms.

* * * *

Formless.
More formless.
Even more formless.

* * * *

Art.
More art.
Even more art.

* * * *

History.
More history.
Even more history.

* * * *

Ivory Tower.
More Ivory Tower.
Even more Ivory Tower.

* * * *

Creativity.
More creativity.
Even more creativity.

* * * *

Preservation.
More preservation.
Even more preservation.

* * * *

Destruction.
More destruction.
Even more destruction.

* * * *

Anthropological events.
More anthropological events.
Even more anthropological events.

* * * *

Crapola.
More crapola.
Even more crapola.

* * * *

Yoke.
More yoke.
Even more yoke.

* * * *

Conversations.
More conversations.
Even more conversations.

* * * *

Habit.
More habit.
Even more habit.

* * * *

Rut.

More rut.
Even more rut.

* * * *

Patterns.
More patterns.
Even more patterns.

* * * *

Human bullshit.
More human bullshit.
Even more human bullshit.

* * * *

Human babble.
More human babble.
Even more human babble.

* * * *

Definitions.
More definitions.
Even more definitions.

* * * *

Grace.
More grace.
Even more grace.

* * * *

Perfection.
More perfection.
Even more perfection.

* * * *

Quantum consumption.
More quantum consumption.
Even more quantum consumption.

* * * *

Futility.
More futility.
Even more futility.

* * * *

Whodunit.
More whodunit.
Even more whodunit.

* * * *

Beeps.
More beeps.
Even more beeps.

* * * *

Gorging.
More gorging.
Even more gorging.

* * * *

Herd games.
More herd games.
Even more herd games.

* * * *

Berserko.
More berserko.
Even More berserko.

* * * *

Calamity.
More calamity.
Even more calamity.

* * * *

Hobbies.
More hobbies.
Even more hobbies.

* * * *

Whatchamacallits.
More whatchamacallits.
Even more whatchamacallits.

* * * *

Wallahoo.
More wallahoo.
Even more wallahoo.

* * * *

Human chatter.
More human chatter.
Even more human chatter.

* * * *

Digestion.
More digestion.

Even more digestion.

* * * *

Indigestion.
More indigestion.
Even more indigestion.

* * * *

Lies.
More lies.
Even more lies.

* * * *

Extinction.
More extinction.
Even more extinction.

* * * *

Migration.
More migration.
Even more migration.

* * * *

Yabba-dabba-doo!
More yabba-dabba-doo!
Even more yabba-dabba-doo!

* * * *

Cleverness.
More cleverness.
Even more cleverness.

* * * *

Doubt.
More doubt.
Even more doubt.

* * * *

Quibbling.
More quibbling.
Even more quibbling.

* * * *

Contrarianism.
More contrarianism.
Even more contrarianism.

* * * *

Eternity.
More eternity.
Even more eternity.

* * * *

Indivisibility.
More indivisibility.
Even more indivisibility.

* * * *

Silly as it is.
More silly as it is.
Even more silly as it is.

* * * *

Never mind.
More never mind.
Even more never mind.

* * * *

Wandering on empty.
More wandering on empty.
Even more wandering on empty.

* * * *

Obviousness.
More obviousness.
Even more obviousness.

* * * *

Translation.
More translation.
Even more translation.

* * * *

Virtue.
More virtue.
Even more virtue.

* * * *

Excellence.
More excellence.
Even more excellence.

* * * *

Areté.
More areté.
Even more areté.

* * * *

Possibilities.
More possibilities.
Even more possibilities.

* * * *

Similarities.
More similarities.
Even more similarities.

* * * *

Differences.
More differences.
Even more differences.

* * * *

Edifices.
More edifices.
Even more edifices.

* * * *

Corruption.
More corruption.
Even more corruption.

* * * *

Charades.
More charades.
Even more charades.

* * * *

Bonkers.
More bonkers.
Even more bonkers.

* * * *

Trivial pursuit
More trivial pursuit.
Even more trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Wankers.
More wankers.
Even more wankers.

* * * *

Pedal to the metal.

More pedal to the metal.
Even more pedal to the metal.

* * * *

Aphrodisiac.
More aphrodisiac.
Even more aphrodisiac.

* * * *

Compromise.
More compromise.
Even more compromise.

* * * *

Half-baked.
More half-baked.
Even more half-baked.

* * * *

Indifference.
More indifference.
Even more indifference.

* * * *

Like.
More like.
Even more like.

* * * *

Dislike.
More dislike.
Even more dislike.

* * * *

Values.
More values.
Even more values.

* * * *

Quality.
More quality.
Even more quality.

* * * *

Shapes.
More shapes.
Even more shapes.

* * * *

Calculations.
More calculations.
Even more calculations.

* * * *

Manipulations.
More manipulations.
Even more manipulations.

* * * *

Truths.
More truths.
Even more truths.

* * * *

Order.
More order.
Even more order.

* * * *

Formlessness.
More formlessness.
Even more formlessness.

* * * *

Awareness.
More awareness.
Even more awareness.

* * * *

Small talk.
More small talk.
Even more small talk.

* * * *

Idle chatter
More idle chatter.
Even more idle chatter.

* * * *

Great thoughts.
More great thoughts.
Even more great thoughts.

* * * *

Quackery.
More quackery.

Even more quackery.

* * * *

Dangerous toys.
More dangerous toys.
Even more dangerous toys.

* * * *

Contradiction.
More contradiction.
Even more contradiction.

* * * *

Psychosis.
More psychosis.
Even more psychosis.

* * * *

Imaginary friends.
More imaginary friends.
Even more imaginary friends.

* * * *

Decadence.
More decadence.
Even more decadence.

* * * *

Shoulda-coulda-woulda.
More shoulda-coulda-woulda.
Even more shoulda-coulda-woulda.

* * * *

Hogwash.
More hogwash.
Even more hogwash.

* * * *

Shenanigans.
More shenanigans.
Even more shenanigans.

* * * *

Babble-izing.
More babble-izing.
Even more babble-izing.

* * * *

Sentimentalizing.
More sentimentalizing.
Even more sentimentalizing.

* * * *

Gaia disrupted.
More gaia disrupted.
Even more gaia disrupted.

* * * *

Mutuality.
More mutuality.
Even more mutuality.

* * * *

Human ordeal.
More human ordeal.
Even more human ordeal.

* * * *

Figurative love.
More figurative love.
Even more figurative love.

* * * *

Literal love.
More literal love.
Even more literal love.

* * * *

Witnessing.
More witnessing.
Even more witnessing.

* * * *

Gibberish.
More gibberish.
Even more gibberish.

* * * *

Quantum mirage.
More quantum mirage.
Even more quantum mirage.

* * * *

Quantum dust.
More quantumdust.
Even more quantumdust.

* * * *

Quantum dust storm.
More quantum dust storm.
Even more quantum dust storm.

* * * *

Busy, busy, busy.
More busy, busy, busy.
Even more busy, busy, busy.

* * * *

Tangible.
More tangible.
Even more tangible.

* * * *

Intangible.
More intangible.
Even more intangible.

* * * *

Ground.
More ground.
Even more ground.

* * * *

Essence.
More essence.
Even more essence.

* * * *

Reality.
More reality.
Even more reality.

* * * *

Deceit.
More deceit.
Even more deceit.

* * * *

Past.
More past.
Even more past.

* * * *

Future.

More future.
Even more future.

* * * *

Now.
More now.
Even more now.

* * * *

Clutter.
More clutter.
Even more clutter.

* * * *

Afterthoughts.
More afterthoughts.
Even more afterthoughts.

* * * *

Dribble.
More dribble.
Even more dribble.

* * * *

Naysaying.
More naysaying.
Even more naysaying.

* * * *

Stuff.
More stuff.
Even more stuff.

* * * *

Broken.
More broken.
Even more broken.

* * * *

Strange.
More strange.
Even more strange.

* * * *

Future-past.
More future-past.
Even more future-past.

* * * *

Quantum moi.
More quantum moi.
Even more quantum moi.

* * * *

Middlemen bullshit.
More middlemen bullshit.
Even more middlemen bullshit.

* * * *

Yes.
More yes.
Even more yes.

* * * *

No.
More no.
Even more no.

* * * *

Maybe.
More maybe.
Even more maybe.

* * * *

Yes-no-maybe.
More yes-no-maybe.
Even more yes-no-maybe.

* * * *

Jeopardy.
More jeopardy.
Even more jeopardy.

* * * *

Truth or consequences.
More truth or consequences.
Even more truth or consequences.

* * * *

Drivel.
More drivel.
Even more drivel.

* * * *

Consumeracracy.
More consumeracracy.

Even more consumeracracy.

* * * *

Grumpy.
More grumpy.
Even more grumpy.

* * * *

Mayhem.
More mayhem.
Even more mayhem.

* * * *

Domestication.
More domestication.
Even more domestication.

* * * *

Untamable.
More untamable.
Even more untamable.

* * * *

Repentance.
More repentance.
Even more repentance.

* * * *

Et cetera.
More et cetera.
Even more et cetera.

* * * *

Ad infinitum.
More ad infinitum.
Even more ad infinitum.

* * * *

Ibidem.
More ibidem.
Even more ibidem.

* * * *

Holding on.
More holding on.
Even more holding on.

* * * *

Letting go.
More letting go.
Even more letting go.

* * * *

Dreams of glory.
More dreams of glory.
Even more dreams of glory.

* * * *

Choices.
More choices.
Even more choices.

* * * *

Round and round.
More round and round.
Even more round and round.

* * * *

Quantum dreaming.
More quantum dreaming.
Even more quantum dreaming.

* * * *

Negation.
More negation.
Even more negation.

* * * *

Evolution.
More evolution.
Even more evolution.

* * * *

Carved block.
More carved block.
Even more carved block.

* * * *

Uncarved block.
More uncarved block.
Even more uncarved block.

* * * *

Moth and flame.
More moth and flame.
Even more moth and flame.

* * * *

Unmasking.
More unmasking.
Even more unmasking.

* * * *

Zoo.
More zoo.
Even more zoo.

* * * *

Modern daze.
More modern daze.
Even more modern daze.

* * * *

Rhetoric.
More rhetoric.
Even more rhetoric.

* * * *

Attributes.
More attributes.
Even more attributes.

* * * *

Passè.
More passè.
Even more passè.

* * * *

Wear and tear.
More wear and tear.
Even more wear and tear.

* * * *

Pain and suffering.
More pain and suffering.
Even more pain and suffering.

* * * *

Tabula rasa.
More tabula rasa.
Even more tabula rasa.

* * * *

Beauty.

More beauty.
Even more beauty.

* * * *

Plain.
More plain.
Even more plain.

* * * *

Ugly.
More ugly.
Even more ugly.

* * * *

In-spades.
More in-spades.
Even more in-spades.

* * * *

Toying with history.
More toying with history.
Even more toying with history.

* * * *

Change.
More change.
Even more change.

* * * *

Changeless.
More changeless.
Even more changeless.

* * * *

Babblespeak.
More babblespeak.
Even more babblespeak.

* * * *

Nadaville.
More nadaville.
Even more nadaville.

* * * *

Breathless absurdity.
More breathless absurdity.
Even more breathless absurdity.

* * * *

Introspection.
More introspection.
Even more introspection.

* * * *

Extrapolation.
More extrapolation.
Even more extrapolation.

* * * *

Nuances.
More nuances.
Even more nuances.

* * * *

Unborn-undy.
More unborn-undy.
Even more unborn-undying.

* * * *

Endeavor.
More endeavor.
Even more endeavor.

* * * *

Now and then.
More now and then.
Even more now and then.

* * * *

Good news.
More good news.
Even more good news.

* * * *

Bad news.
More bad news.
Even more bad news.

* * * *

Ugly news.
More ugly news.
Even more ugly news.

* * * *

Enough.
More than enough.

Even more than enough.

* * * *

Enough already.
More enough already.
Even more enough already.

* * * *

Undone again.
More undone again.
Even more undone again.

* * * *

Quantum fare.
More quantum fare.
Even more quantum fare.

* * * *

Quantum faire.
More quantum faire.
Even more quantum faire.

* * * *

World weariness.
More world weariness,
Even more world weariness.

* * * *

Cheerleading.
More cheerleading.
Even more cheerleading.

* * * *

Laziness.
More laziness.
Even more laziness.

* * * *

Humility.
More humility.
Even more humility.

* * * *

False humility.
More false humility.
Even more false humility.

* * * *

Life.
More life.
Even more life.

* * * *

Tribalism.
More tribalism.
Even more tribalism.

* * * *

Buddhaspeak.
More buddhaspeak.
Even more buddhaspeak.

* * * *

Passionate mind.
More passionate mind.
Even more passionate mind.

* * * *

Leftovers.
More leftovers.
Even more leftovers.

* * * *

One-liners.
More one-liners.
Even more one-liners.

* * * *

Soundbites.
More soundbites.
Even more soundbites.

* * * *

Assumptions.
More assumptions.
Even more assumptions.

* * * *

Sensations.
More sensations.
Even more sensations.

* * *

Perceptions.
More perceptions.
Even more perceptions.

* * * *

Debacles.
More debacles.
Even more debacles.

* * * *

Connections.
More connections.
Even more connections.

* * * *

Effort.
More effort.
Even more effort.

* * * *

Gerrymandering.
More gerrymandering.
Even more gerrymandering.

* * * *

Accumulation.
More accumulation.
Even more accumulation.

* * * *

Discarding.
More discarding.
Even more discarding.

* * * *

Unintended consequences.
More unintended consequences.
Even more unintended consequences.

* * * *

Dittoheads.
More dittoheads.
Even more dittoheads.

* * * *

Absurdity and horror.
More absurdity and horror.
Even more absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Commentaries on living.

More commentaries on living.
Even more commentaries on living.

* * * *

Might makes right.
More might makes right.
Even more might makes right.

* * * *

Peter Pan.
More Peter Pan.
Even more Peter Pan.

* * * *

Pitter-patter.
More pitter-patter.
Even more pitter-patter.

* * * *

Meaningless chatter.
More meaningless chatter.
Even more meaningless chatter.

* * * *

Complacency.
More complacency.
Even more complacency.

* * * *

Hoarding.
More hoarding.
Even more hoarding.

* * * *

Travels.
More travels.
Even more travels.

* * * *

Adventures.
More adventures.
Even more adventures.

* * * *

Journeys.
More journeys.
Even more journeys.

* * * *

Rumination.
More rumination.
Even more rumination.

* * * *

Samsara.
More samsara.
Even more samsara.

* * * *

Smoke.
More smoke.
Even more smoke.

* * * *

Soundless.
More soundless.
Even more soundless.

* * * *

Other.
More other.
Even more other.

* * * *

Bullshit.
More bullshit.
Even more bullshit.

* * * *

Smoke and mirrors.
More smoke and mirrors.
Even more smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

Double entendre.
More double entendre.
Even more double entendre.

* * * *

Surrender.
More surrender.
Even more surrender.

* * * *

Herd shit.
More herd shit.

Even more herd shit.

* * * *

Dabbling.
More dabbling.
Even more dabbling.

* * * *

Whatthe#$*!
More whatthe#$*!
Even more whatthe#$*!

* * * *

Research needed.
More research needed.
Even more research needed.

* * * *

Squawking.
More squawking.
Even more squawking.

* * * *

Charades.
More charades.
Even more charades.

* * * *

Habitual thinking.
More habitual thinking.
Even more habitual thinking.

* * * *

Games.
More games.
Even more games.

* * * *

Surrender.
More surrender.
Even more surrender.

* * * *

Go.
More go.
Even more go.

* * * *

Hubris.
More hubris.
Even more hubris.

* * * *

Stop.
More stop.
Even more stop.

* * * *

Yield.
More yield.
Even more yield.

* * * *

Social distancing.
More social distancing.
Even more social distancing.

* * * *

Breeding.
More breeding.
Even more breeding.

* * * *

Aimlessness.
More aimlessness.
Even more aimlessness.

* * * *

Diminishment.
More diminishment.
Even more diminishment.

* * * *

Bleak ends.
More bleak ends.
Even more bleak ends.

* * * *

Regurgitation.
More regurgitation.
Even more regurgitation.

* * * *

Grand theater.
More grand theater.
Even more grand theater.

* * * *

Embracing oblivion.
More embracing oblivion.
Even more embracing oblivion.

* * * *

Chatter.
More chatter.
Even more chatter.

* * * *

Lists.
More lists.
Even more lists.

* * * *

Roshambo.
More roshambo.
Even more roshambo.

* * * *

Finicky.
More finicky.
Even more finicky.

* * * *

Names and faces.
More names and faces.
Even more names and faces.

* * * *

Myths and legends.
More myths and legends.
Even more myths and legends.

* * * *

Progress.
More progress.
Even more progress.

* * * *

Bottom-feeders.
More bottom-feeders.
Even more bottom-feeders.

* * * *

Suffering.

More suffering.
Even more suffering.

* * * *

Moronic.
More moronic.
Even more moronic.

* * * *

Natural selection.
More natural selection.
Even more natural selection.

* * * *

Unnatural selection.
More unnatural selection.
Even more unnatural selection.

* * * *

Capitulation.
More capitulation.
Even more capitulation.

* * * *

Inner dialogue.
More inner dialogue.
Even more inner dialogue.

* * * *

Plagiarization.
More plagiarization.
Even more plagiarization.

* * * *

Duplication.
More duplication.
Even more duplication.

* * * *

Observation.
More observation.
Even more observation.

* * * *

Bitter brew.
More bitter brew.
Even more bitter brew.

* * * *

Mumbo-jumbo.
More mumbo-jumbo.
Even more mumbo-jumbo.

* * * *

Foul purpose.
More foul purpose.
Even more foul purpose.

* * * *

Pandora.
More pandora.
Even more pandora.

* * * *

Storytelling.
More storytelling.
Even more storytelling.

* * * *

Human concoction.
More human concoction.
Even more human concoction.

* * * *

Conceptual fray.
More conceptual fray.
Even more conceptual fray.

* * * *

God-eat-god.
More god-eat-god.
Even more god-eat-god.

* * * *

Nothing less.
More nothing less.
Even more nothing less.

* * * *

Nothing more.
More nothing more.
Even more nothing more.

* * * *

Nothing but.
Morenothing but.

Even more nothing but.

* * * *

Splinters.
More splinters.
Even more splinters.

* * * *

Selfie madness.
More selfie madness.
Even more selfie madness.

* * * *

Watching.
More watching.
Even more watching.

* * * *

Hysteria.
More hysteria.
Even more hysteria.

* * * *

Perspectives.
More perspectives.
Even more perspectives.

* * * *

Holy shit.
More holy shit.
Even more holy shit.

* * * *

Trial and error.
More trial and error.
Even more trial and error.

* * * *

Inner narration.
More inner narration.
Even more inner narration.

* * * *

Genomic sequencing.
More genomic sequencing.
Even more genomic sequencing.

* * * *

Human poppycock.
More human poppycock.
Even more human poppycock.

* * * *

Subtlety.
More subtlety.
Even more subtlety.

* * * *

Titles.
More titles.
Even more titles.

* * * *

Travesty.
More travesty.
Even more travesty.

* * * *

Irrationality.
More irrationality.
Even more irrationality.

* * * *

Banality.
More banality.
Even more banality.

* * * *

Naps.
More naps.
Even more naps.

* * * *

Processing.
More processing.
Even more processing.

* * * *

Dittyfesting.
More dittyfesting.
Even more dittyfesting.

* * * *

Mirages.
More mirages.
Even more mirages.

* * * *

Dreamtime.
\more dreamtime.
Even more dreamtime.

* * * *

Discord.
More discord.
Even more discord.

* * * *

Dissipation.
More dissipation.
Even more dissipation.

* * * *

Distrust.
More distrust.
Even more distrust.

* * * *

Disgust.
More disgust.
Even more disgust.

* * * *

Development.
More development.
Even more development.

* * * *

Distraction.
More distraction.
Even more distraction.

* * * *

Terror.
More terror.
Even more terror.

* * * *

Gossip.
More gossip.
Even more gossip.

* * * *

Nagging.

More nagging.
Even more nagging.

* * * *

Already forgotten.
More already forgotten.
Even more already forgotten.

* * * *

Torture.
More torture.
Even more torture.

* * * *

Just being.
More just being.
Even more just being.

* * * *

Doofus.
More doofus.
Even more doofus.

* * * *

Stepping back.
More stepping back.
Even more stepping back.

* * * *

Sweet surrender.
More sweet surrender.
Even more sweet surrender.

* * * *

Celebration.
More celebration.
Even more celebration.

* * * *

Boogaloo.
More boogaloo.
Even more boogaloo.

* * * *

Nostalgia.
More nostalgia.
Even more nostalgia.

* * * *

Empty chatter.
More empty chatter.
Even more empty chatter.

* * * *

Phases.
More phases.
Even more phases.

* * * *

Hurt.
More hurt.
Even more hurt.

* * * *

Zip.
More zip.
Even more zip.

* * * *

Moving on.
More moving on.
Even more moving on.

* * * *

Pollyanna.
More pollyanna.
Even more pollyanna.

* * * *

Hidden treasure.
More hidden treasure.
Even more hidden treasure.

* * * *

Yada yada.
More yada yada.
Even more yada yada.

* * * *

Intensity.
More intensity.
Even more intensity.

* * * *

Revelations.
More revelations.

\even more revelations.

* * * *

Preening.
More preening.
Even more preening.

* * * *

Chaff.
More chaff.
Even more chaff.

* * * *

Hooey balooey.
More hooey balooey.
Even more hooey balooey.

* * * *

Tales of woe.
More tales of woe.
Even more tales of woe.

* * * *

Middlemen.
More middlemen.
Even more middlemen.

* * * *

Menus.
More Menus.
Even More Menus.

* * * *

Puny Thinking.
More Puny Thinking.
Even More Puny Thinking.

* * * *

Fluff.
More Fluff.
Even More Fluff.

* * * *

Sisyphus.
More Sisyphus.
Even More Sisyphus.

* * * *

Joyful Curmudgeon.
More Joyful Curmudgeon.
Even More Joyful Curmudgeon.

* * * *

Memories.
More Memories.
Even More Memories.

* * * *

Wordsmithing.
More Wordsmithing.
Even More Wordsmithing.

* * * *

Reflections.
More Reflections.
Even More Reflections.

* * * *

Magical Thinking.
More Magical Thinking.
Even More Magical Thinking.

* * * *

Gods.
MoreGods.
Even More Gods.

* * * *

Deities.
MoreDeities.
Even More Deities.

* * * *

Impressions.
More Impressions.
Even More Impressions.

* * * *

Th-th-th-that's all folks.
More th-th-th-that's all folks.
Even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

* * * *

Effing the ineffable, more effing the ineffable, even more effing the ineffable.
Gobbledygook, more gobbledygook, even more gobbledygook.
Human drivel, more human drivel, even more human drivel.

Mind gorp, more mind gorp, even more mind gorp.
Much ado about nothing, more much ado about nothing, even more much ado about nothing.
Dogma, more dogma, even more dogma.
Glory, more glory, even more glory.
Vanity, more vanity, even more vanity.
Chaos, more chaos, even more chaos.
Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.
Rules, more rules, even more rules.
Laws, more laws, even more laws.
Power, more power, even more power.
Fame, more fame, even more fame.
Fortune, more fortune, even more fortune.
Concepts, more concepts, even more concepts.
Done, more done, even more done.
Scourge, more scourge, even more scourge.
Mind doodles, more mind doodles, even more mind doodles.
Déjà vu, more déjà vu, even more déjà vu.
Metaphors, more metaphors, even more metaphors.
Consequences, more consequences, even more consequences.
Meaninglessness, more meaninglessness, even more meaninglessness.
Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.
Me, myself, and I, more me, myself, and I, even more me, myself, and I.
Cute, more cute, even more cute.
Entitlement, more entitlement, even more entitlement.
Duh, more duh, even more duh.
Doh, more doh, even more doh.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Say whaaaat?!!, more say whaaaat?!!, even more say whaaaat?!!
Tool-making, more tool-making, even more tool-making.
Home invasion, more home invasion, even more home invasion.
Deception, more deception, even more deception.
Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.
Savagery, more savagery, even more savagery.
Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.
Confusion, more confusion, even more confusion.
Revenge, more revenge, even more revenge.
Forgiveness, more forgiveness, even more forgiveness.
Folderol, more folderol, even more folderol.
Be here now, more be here now, even more be here now.
Be there now, more be there now, even more be there now.
Nowhere now, more nowhere now, even more nowhere now.
Life of moi, more life of moi, even more life of moi.
End is nigh, more end is nigh, even more end is nigh.
Nowhere, more nowhere, even more nowhere.
Bragging, more bragging, even more bragging.
Dramas, more dramas, even more dramas.
Soap operas, more soap operas, even more soap operas.
Insoluble problems, more insoluble problems, even more insoluble problems.

Empowerment, more empowerment, even more empowerment.
Disempowerment, more disempowerment, even more disempowerment.
Self-absorption, more self-absorption, even more self-absorption.
Self-aggrandizement, more self-aggrandizement, even more self-aggrandizement.
Opening game, more opening game, even more opening game.
Middle game, more middle game, even more middle game.
End game, more end game, even more end game.
Projects, more projects, even more projects.
Conundrums, more conundrums, even more conundrums.
Play the gray, more play the gray, even more play the gray.
No-others, more no-others, even more no-others.
Intelligencia, more intelligencia, even more intelligencia.
Aristocracy, more aristocracy, even more aristocracy.
Plutocracy, more plutocracy, even more plutocracy.
Oligarchy, more oligarchy, even more oligarchy.
Tyranny, more tyranny, even more tyranny.
Bourgeois, more bourgeois, even more bourgeois.
Proletariat, more proletariat, even more proletariat.
Deplorables, more deplorables, even more deplorables.
Legalisms, more legalisms, even more legalisms.
Number-crunchers, more number-crunchers, even more number-crunchers.
Politicians, more politicians, even more politicians.
Lawyers, more lawyers, even more legalists.
Bureaucrats, more bureaucrats, even more bureaucrats.
Technocrats, more technocrats, even more technocrats.
Political intrigue, more political intrigue, even more political intrigue.
Philosophical babble, more philosophical babble, even more philosophical babble.
Lone ranger, more lone ranger, even more lone ranger.
Pleasure, more pleasure, even more pleasure.
Pain, more pain, even more pain.
Death, more death, even more death.
Killing, more killing, even more killing.
Desperation, more desperation, even more desperation.
Problems, more problems, even more problems.
Solutions, more solutions, even more solutions.
Answers, more answers, even more answers.
Questions, more questions, even more questions.
Punctuation, more punctuation, even more punctuation.
Words, more words, even more words.
Food, more food, even more food.
Sustenance, more sustenance, even more sustenance.
Pathos, more pathos, even more pathos.
Anguish, more anguish, even more anguish.
Tragedy, more tragedy, even more tragedy.
Joy, more joy, even more joy.
Sorrow, more sorrow, even more sorrow.
Misery, more misery, even more misery.
Grief, more grief, even more grief.

Drugs, more drugs, even more drugs.
Sickness, more sickness, even more sickness.
Technology, more technology, even more technology.
Engineering, more engineering, even more engineering.
Science, more science, even more science.
Buzz, more buzz, even more buzz.
Noise, more noise, even more noise.
Knowledge, more knowledge, even more knowledge.
Plagiarism, more plagiarism, even more plagiarism.
Civility, more civility, even more civility.
Vulgarity, more vulgarity, even more vulgarity.
Boorishness, more boorishness, even more boorishness.
Incivility, more incivility, even more incivility.
Coarseness, more coarseness, even more coarseness.
Bullying, more bullying, even more bullying.
War, more war, even more war.
Revolution, more revolution, even more revolution.
Unrest, more unrest, even more unrest.
Strife, more strife, even more strife.
Hunger, more hunger, even more hunger.
Hoitytoityville, more Hoitytoityville, even more Hoitytoityville.
Craving, more craving, even more craving.
Contentment, more contentment, even more contentment.
Planet of the Apes, more Planet of the Apes, even More Planet of the Apes.
Something happened, more something happened, even more something happened.
Serenity, more serenity, even more serenity.
Human balderdash, more human balderdash, even more human balderdash.
Eclectic, more eclectic, even more eclectic.
Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.
Birth, more birth, even more birth.
Paths to glory, more paths to glory, even more paths to glory.
Whining, more whining, even more whining.
Pap, more pap, even more pap.
Space cadet, more space cadet, even more space cadet.
Being, more being, even more being.
Becoming, more becoming, even more becoming.
Thinking, more thinking, even more thinking.
Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.
Desire, ore desire, even more desire.
Fear, more fear, even more fear.
Dread, more dread, even more dread.
Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.
Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.
Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.
Non sequitur, more non sequitur, even more non sequitur.
Endorphins, more endorphins, even more endorphins.
More, more more, even more more.
Soma, more soma, even more soma.

Babbleon, more babbleon, even more babbleon.
Twitteron, more twitteron, even more twitteron.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Twitterheads, more twitterheads, even more twitterheads.
So it goes, more so it goes, even more so it goes.
Food for words, more food for words, even more food for words.
Ineffable, more ineffable, even more ineffable.
Trees falling, more trees falling, even more trees falling.
No-mind, more no-mind, even more no-mind.
Mindless perception, more mindless perception, even more mindless perception.
Wisdom, more wisdom, even more wisdom.
Foolishness, more foolishness, even more foolishness.
Weariness, more weariness, even more weariness.
Game face, more game face, even more game face.
Practice, more practice, even more practice.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Bittersweet, more bittersweet, even more bittersweet.
Caring, more caring, even more caring.
Non-Caring, more non-caring, even more non-caring.
Sweet, more sweet, even more sweet.
Bitter, more bitter, even more bitter.
Sour, more sour, even more sour.
Smorgasbord, more smorgasbord, even more smorgasbord.
Consumption, more consumption, even more consumption.
Parochial, more parochial, even more parochial.
Cosmopolitan, more cosmopolitan, even more cosmopolitan.
Cruelty, more cruelty, even more cruelty.
Kindness, more kindness, even more kindness.
Nothing, more nothing, even more nothing.
Something, more something, even more something.
Meditation, more meditation, even more meditation.
Contemplation, more contemplation, even more contemplation.
Existence, more existence, even more existence.
Creation, more creation, even more creation.
Void, more void, even more void.
Nil, more nil, even more nil.
Naught, more naught, even more naught.
Brazen, more brazen, even more brazen.
Gold, more gold, even more gold.
Real gold, more real gold, even more real gold.
False gold, more false gold, even more false gold.
Scorn, more scorn, even more scorn.
Desolation, more desolation, even more desolation.
Things, more things, even more things.
Sounds, more sounds, even more sounds.
Sights, more sights, even more sights.
Flavors, more flavors, even more flavors.
Tastes, more tastes, even more tastes.

Smells, more smells, even more smells.
People, more people, even more people.
Nada, more nada, even more nada.
Mindful, more mindful, even more mindful.
Mindless, more mindless, even more mindless.
Wordplay, more wordplay, even more wordplay.
Numbers, more numbers, even more numbers.
Symbols, more symbols, even more symbols.
Images, more images, even more images.
Colors, more colors, even more colors.
Shades of gray, more shades of gray, even more shades of gray.
Forms, more forms, even more forms.
Formless, more formless, even more formless.
Art, more art, even more art.
History, more history, even more history.
Ivory Tower, more Ivory Tower, even more Ivory Tower.
Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.
Preservation, more preservation, even more preservation.
Destruction, more destruction, even more destruction.
Anthropological events, more anthropological events, even more anthropological events.
Crapola, more crapola, even more crapola.
Yoke, more yoke, even more yoke.
Conversations, more conversations, even more conversations.
Habit, more habit, even more habit.
Rut, more rut, even more rut.
Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.
Human bullshit, more human bullshit, even more human bullshit.
Human babble, more human babble, even more human babble.
Definitions, more definitions, even more definitions.
Grace, more grace, even more grace.
Perfection, more perfection, even more perfection.
Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.
Futility, more futility, even more futility.
Whodunit, more whodunit, even more whodunit.
Beeps, more beeps, even more beeps.
Gorging, more gorging, even more gorging.
Herd games, more herd games, even more herd games.
Berserko, more berserko, even more berserko.
Calamity, more calamity, even more calamity.
Hobbies, more hobbies, even more hobbies.
Whatchamacallits, more whatchamacallits, even more whatchamacallits.
Wallahoo, more wallahoo, even more wallahoo.
Human chatter, more human chatter, even more human chatter.
Digestion, more digestion, even more digestion.
Indigestion, more indigestion, even more indigestion.
Lies, more lies, even more lies.
Extinction, more extinction, even more extinction.
Migration, more migration, even more migration.

Yabba-dabba-doo, more Yabba-dabba-doo, even more yabba-dabba-doo.
Cleverness, more cleverness, even more cleverness.
Doubt, more doubt, even more doubt.
Quibbling, more quibbling, even more quibbling.
Contrarianism, more contrarianism, even more contrarianism.
Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.
Indivisibility, more indivisibility, even more indivisibility.
Silly as it is, more silly as it is, even more silly as it is.
Never mind, more never mind, even more never mind.
Wandering on empty, more wandering on empty, even more wandering on empty.
Obviousness, more obviousness, even more obviousness.
Translation, more translation, even more translation.
Virtue, more virtue, even more virtue.
Excellence, more excellence, even more excellence.
Areté, more arête, even more areté.
Possibilities, more possibilities, even more possibilities.
Similarities, more similarities, even more similarities.
Differences, more differences, even more differences.
Edifices, more edifices, even more edifices.
Corruption, more corruption, even more corruption.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.
Bonkers, more bonkers, even more bonkers.
Trivial pursuit, more trivial pursuit, even more trivial pursuit.
Wankers, more wankers, even more wankers.
Pedal to the metal, more pedal to the metal, even more pedal to the metal.
Aphrodisiac, more aphrodisiac, even more aphrodisiac.
Compromise, more compromise, even more compromise.
Half-baked, more half-baked, even more half-baked.
Indifference, more indifference, even more indifference.
Like, more like, even more like.
Dislike, more dislike, even more dislike.
Values, more values, even more values.
Quality, more quality, even more quality.
Shapes, more shapes, even more shapes.
Calculations, more calculations, even more calculations.
Manipulations, more manipulations, even more manipulations.
Truths, more truths, even more truths.
Order, more order, even more order.
Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.
Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.
Small talk, more small talk, even more small talk.
Idle chatter, more idle chatter, even more idle chatter.
Great thoughts, more great thoughts, even more great thoughts.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Dangerous toys, more dangerous toys, even more dangerous toys.
Contradiction, more contradiction, even more contradiction.
Psychosis, more psychosis, even more psychosis.
Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.

Decadence, more decadence, even more decadence.
Hogwash, more hogwash, even more hogwash.
Shenanigans, more shenanigans, even more shenanigans.
Babble-izing, more babble-izing, even more babble-izing.
Sentimentalizing, more sentimentalizing, even more sentimentalizing.
Gaia disrupted, more gaia disrupted, even more gaia disrupted.
Mutuality, more mutuality, even more mutuality.
Human ordeal, more human ordeal, even more human ordeal.
Figurative love, more figurative love, even more figurative love.
Literal love, more literal love, even more literal love.
Witnessing, more witnessing, even more witnessing.
Gibberish, more gibberish, even more gibberish.
Quantum mirage, more quantum mirage, even more quantum mirage.
Quantum dust, more quantum dust, even more quantum dust.
Quantum dust storm, more quantum dust storm, even more quantum dust storm.
Busy, busy, busy; more busy, busy, busy; even more busy, busy, busy.
Tangible, more tangible, even more tangible.
Intangible, more intangible, even more intangible.
Ground, more ground, even more ground.
Essence, more essence, even more essence.
Reality, more reality, even more reality.
Deceit, more deceit, even more deceit.
Past, more past, even more past.
Future, more future, even more future.
Now, more now, even more now.
Clutter, more clutter, even more clutter.
Afterthoughts, more afterthoughts, even more afterthoughts.
Dribble, more dribble, even more dribble.
Naysaying, more naysaying, even more naysaying.
Stuff, more stuff, even more stuff.
Broken, more broken, even more broken.
Strange, more strange, even more strange.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Quantum moi, more quantum moi, even more quantum moi.
Middlemen bullshit, more middlemen bullshit, even more middlemen bullshit.
Yes, more yes, even more yes.
No, more no, even more no.
Maybe, more maybe, even more maybe.
Yes-no-maybe, more yes-no-maybe, even more yes-no-maybe.
Jeopardy, more jeopardy, even more jeopardy.
Drivel, more drivel, even more drivel.
Consumeracracy, more consumeracracy, even more consumeracracy.
Grumpy, more grumpy, even more grumpy.
Mayhem, more mayhem, even more mayhem.
Domestication, more domestication, even more domestication.
Untamable, more untamable, even more untamable.
Repentance, more repentance, even more repentance.
Et cetera, more et cetera, even more et cetera.

Ad infinitum, more ad infinitum, even more ad infinitum.
Ibidem, more ibidem, even more ibidem.
Holding on, more holding on, even more holding on.
Letting go, more letting go, even more letting go.
Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.
Choices, more choices, even more choices.
Round and round, more round and round, even more round and round.
Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.
Negation, more negation, even more negation.
Evolution, more evolution, even more evolution.
Carved block, more carved block, even more carved block.
Uncarved block, more uncarved block, even more uncarved block.
Moth and flame, more moth and flame, even more moth and flame.
Unmasking, more unmasking, even more unmasking,
Zoo, more zoo, even more zoo.
Modern daze, more modern daze, even more modern daze.
Rhetoric, more rhetoric, even more rhetoric.
Attributes, more attributes, even more attributes.
Passè, more passé, even more passé.
Wear and tear, more wear and tear, even more wear and tear.
Pain and suffering, more pain and suffering, even more pain and suffering.
Tabula rasa, more tabula rasa, even more tabula rasa.
Beauty, more beauty, even more beauty.
Plain, more plain, even more plain.
Ugly, more ugly, even more ugly.
In-spades, more in-spades, even more in-spades.
Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.
Change, more change, even more change.
Changeless, more changeless, even more changeless.
Babblespeak, more babblespeak, even more babblespeak.
Nadaville, more nadaville, even more nadaville.
Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.
Introspection, more introspection, even more introspection.
Extrapolation, more extrapolation, even more extrapolation.
Nuances, more nuances, even more nuances.
Unborn-undy, more unborn-undy, even more unborn-undying.
Endeavor, more endeavor, even more endeavor.
Now and then, more now and then, even more now and then.
Good news, more good news, even more good news.
Bad news, more bad news, even more bad news.
Ugly news, more ugly news, even more ugly news.
Enough, more than enough, even more than enough.
Enough already, more enough already, even more enough already.
Undone again, more undone again, even more undone again.
Quantum fare, more quantum fare, even more quantum fare.
Quantum faire, more quantum faire, even more quantum faire.
World weariness, more world weariness, even more world weariness.
Cheerleading, more cheerleading, even more cheerleading.

Laziness, more laziness, even more laziness.
Humility, more humility, even more humility.
False humility, more false humility, even more false humility.
Life, more life, even more life.
Tribalism, more tribalism, even more tribalism.
Buddhaspeak, more buddhaspeak, even more buddhaspeak.
Passionate mind, more passionate mind, even more passionate mind.
Leftovers, more leftovers, even more leftovers.
One-liners, more one-liners, even more one-liners.
Soundbites, more soundbites, even more soundbites.
Assumptions, more assumptions, even more assumptions.
Sensations, more sensations, even more sensations.
Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.
Debacles, more debacles, even more debacles.
Connections, more connections, even more connections.
Effort, more effort, even more effort.
Gerrymandering, more gerrymandering, even more gerrymandering.
Accumulation, more accumulation, even more accumulation.
Discarding, more discarding, even more discarding.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.
Might makes right, more might makes right, even more might makes right.
Peter Pan, more Peter Pan, even more Peter Pan.
Pitter-patter, more pitter-patter, even more pitter-patter.
Meaningless chatter, more meaningless chatter, even more meaningless chatter.
Complacency, more complacency, even more complacency.
Hoarding, more hoarding, even more hoarding.
Travels, more travels, even more travels.
Adventures, more adventures, even more adventures.
Journeys, more journeys, even more journeys.
Rumination, more rumination, even more rumination.
Samsara, more samsara, even more samsara.
Smoke, more smoke, even more smoke.
Soundless, more soundless, even more soundless.
Other, more other, even more other.
Bullshit, more bullshit, even more bullshit.
Smoke and mirrors, more smoke and mirrors, even more smoke and mirrors.
Double entendre, more double entendre, even more double entendre.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
Herd shit, more herd shit, even more herd shit.
Dabbling, more dabbling, even more dabbling.
Whatthe#$*!, more whatthe#$*!, even more whatthe#$*!
Research needed, more research needed, even more research needed.
Squawking, more squawking, even more squawking.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.
Habitual thinking, more habitual thinking, even more habitual thinking.
Games, more games, even more games.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.

Go, more go, even more go.
Hubris, more hubris, even more hubris.
Stop, more stop, even more stop.
Yield, more yield, even more yield.
Social distancing, more social distancing, even more social distancing.
Breeding, more breeding, even more breeding.
Aimlessness, more aimlessness, even more aimlessness.
Diminishment, more diminishment, even more diminishment.
Bleak ends, more bleak ends, even more bleak ends.
Regurgitation, more regurgitation, even more regurgitation.
Grand theater, more grand theater, even more grand theater.
Embracing oblivion, more embracing oblivion, even more embracing oblivion.
Chatter, more chatter, even more chatter.
Lists, more lists, even more lists.
Roshambo, more roshambo, even more roshambo.
Finicky, more finicky, even more finicky.
Names and faces, more names and faces, even more names and faces.
Myths and legends, more myths and legends, even more myths and legends.
Progress, more progress, even more progress.
Bottom-feeders, more bottom-feeders, even more bottom-feeders.
Suffering, more suffering, even more suffering.
Moronic, more moronic, even more moronic.
Natural selection, more natural selection, even more natural selection.
Unnatural selection, more unnatural selection, even more unnatural selection.
Capitulation, more capitulation, even more capitulation.
Inner dialogue, more inner dialogue, even more inner dialogue.
Plagiarization, more plagiarization, even more plagiarization.
Duplication, more duplication, even more duplication.
Observation, more observation, even more observation.
Bitter brew, more bitter brew, even more bitter brew.
Mumbo-jumbo, more mumbo-jumbo, even more mumbo-jumbo.
Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.
Pandora, more pandora, even more pandora.
Storytelling, more storytelling, even more storytelling.
Human concoction, more human concoction, even more human concoction.
Conceptual fray, more conceptual fray, even more conceptual fray.
God-eat-god, more god-eat-god, even more god-eat-god.
Nothing less, more nothing less, even more nothing less.
Nothing more, more nothing more, even more nothing more.
Nothing but, more nothing but, even more nothing but.
Splinters, more splinters, even more splinters.
Selfie madness, more selfie madness, even more selfie madness.
Watching, more watching, even more watching.
Hysteria, more hysteria, even more hysteria.
Perspectives, more perspectives, even more perspectives.
Holy shit, more holy shit, even more holy shit.
Trial and error, more trial and error, even more trial and error.
Inner narration, more inner narration, even more inner narration.

Genomic sequencing, more genomic sequencing, even more genomic sequencing.
Human poppycock, more human poppycock, even more human poppycock.
Subtlety, more subtlety, even more subtlety.
Titles, more titles, even more titles.
Travesty, more travesty, even more travesty.
Irrationality, more irrationality, even more irrationality.
Banality, more banality, even more banality.
Naps, more naps, even more naps.
Processing, more processing, even more processing.
Dittyfesting, more dittyfesting, even more dittyfesting.
Mirages, more mirages, even more mirages.
Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.
Discord, more discord, even more discord.
Dissipation, more dissipation, even more dissipation.
Distrust, more distrust, even more distrust.
Disgust, more disgust, even more disgust.
Development, more development, even more development.
Distraction, more distraction, even more distraction.
Terror, more terror, even more terror.
Gossip, more gossip, even more gossip.
Nagging, more nagging, even more nagging.
Already forgotten, more already forgotten, even more already forgotten.
Torture, more torture, even more torture.
Just being, more just being, even more just being.
Doofus, more doofus, even more doofus.
Stepping back, more stepping back, even more stepping back.
Sweet surrender, more sweet surrender, even more sweet surrender.
Celebration, more celebration, even more celebration.
Boogaloo, more boogaloo, even more boogaloo.
Nostalgia, more nostalgia, even more nostalgia.
Empty chatter, more empty chatter, even more empty chatter.
Phases, more phases, even more phases.
Hurt, more hurt, even more hurt.
Zip, more zip, even more zip.
Moving on, more moving on, even more moving on.
Pollyanna, more pollyanna, even more pollyanna.
Hidden treasure, more hidden treasure, even more hidden treasure.
Yada yada, more yada yada, even more yada yada.
Intensity, more intensity, even more intensity.
Revelations, more revelations, even more revelations.
Preening, more preening, even more preening.
Chaff, more chaff, even more chaff.
Hooey balooey, more hooey balooey, even more hooey balooey.
Tales of woe, more tales of woe, even more tales of woe.
Middlemen, more middlemen, even more middlemen.
Menus, more menus, even more menus.
Puny thinking, more puny thinking, even more puny thinking.
Fluff, more fluff, even more fluff.

Sisyphus, more Sisyphus, even more Sisyphus.
Joyful curmudgeon, more joyful curmudgeon, even more joyful curmudgeon.
Memories, more memories, even more memories.
Wordsmithing, more wordsmithing, even more wordsmithing.
Reflections, more reflections, even more reflections.
Magical thinking, more magical thinking, even more magical thinking.
Gods, more gods, even more gods.
Deities, more deities, even more deities.
Impressions, more impressions, even more impressions.
Th-th-th-that's all folks, more th-th-th-that's all folks, even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

Soundbites

Is anything ultimately any more than a relatively brief synergistic exercise in temporal perception?

* * * *

There is usually more to most stories: listen closely, ask questions, avoid rushing to judgment.

* * * *

Do not assume a life successful when founded upon greed, violence, corruption, and lies.

* * * *

Every seed is born anew, each filled with the same ever-present, indivisible, undying essence.

* * * *

The bliss of an empty septic tank is beyond all words; surely, one of the finer meditations.

* * * *

You can do just about anything, once in a while; You cannot do anything all the time.

* * * *

Responding, not reacting, to the body-mind's chemical-electrical storms is the challenge.

* * * *

Minding your own business, keeping your nose on your own face, is always good policy.

* * * *

In the grand scheme of things, it does not matter one iota that we think we know so much.

* * * *

Is there anything that can be said or done that cannot be used for some foul purpose or another?

* * * *

What is this human predisposition, this fascination, this addiction, with needing to know?

* * * *

To be bound by the perception of one's origin is inconceivable for a critical thinker.

* * * *

Rejoin the beasts if You would choose the serenity of the garden over the chaos of mind.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but imagination measuring itself in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Subtleties within subtleties lead to the final subtlety. to where all future-pasts cease.

* * * *

Measured or unmeasured, remembered or forgotten, the moment is ever the same.

* * * *

Disengage, undo, unfasten, unlock, untie, uncouple, extricate, separate … Now.

* * * *

When it comes to hierarchies of power, loyalty often proves to be a one-way street.

* * * *

The young are conditioned to play the game with every conceivable lie time can concoct.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but a dream ensconced in the synapses of mortal hardware.

* * * *

How many sages are herded like cats into wisdom by all their countless foolish errors?

* * * *

The one-percenters have embraced destruction and chaos for a few mansions more.

* * * *

In conflict, always expect, always anticipate, always mitigate, treacherous means.

* * * *

For those seeking truth, it is not about being more, as much as it is, about being less.

* * * *

When small is large and large is small, what is there to realize, but that it is really nothing at all.

* * * *

Let us not confuse the dramas of human consciousness with the un-drama of awareness.

* * * *

See how the wild creatures scurry to safety; a good skill to keep well-honed.

* * * *

All You know is what You think You know; nothing more than the dust and shadows of illusion.

* * * *

Ethereal awareness, ephemeral consciousness.

* * * *

The indefinable is indefinable; what is not obvious, not unequivocal, about that?

* * * *

The quest for truth is not something where there is any sanction but your own.

* * * *

What direction does your vanity call You today?

* * * *

Even the farthest star is nothing more than a twinkle in your most infinite mind.

* * * *

So many distractions, it is a wonder anyone has any time for anything else more important.

* * * *

The difference between like and dislike, love and hate, can be but a flip of the switch.

* * * *

Never hurts to include a little adversity into your day-to-day; do not want to be too soft.

* * * *

What a burden to care about so many things, especially if You are only pretending.

* * * *

The unquenchable appetite for power and fame and fortune is unquenchable vanity.

* * * *

The engine in the quest for power and fame and fortune is unquenchable vanity.

* * * *

How pathetically small so many minds are inspired to make their universes.

* * * *

Some must travel very far to discern that which has always been very near.

* * * *

Rhetoric is first and foremost about winning arguments, not necessarily discovering truths.

* * * *

Better to focus on reality than the illusion of reality.

* * * *

The artificial concoctions of the human paradigm are continuous and unceasing.

* * * *

So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The meaning of life is that it lacks any ultimate meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

In the ultimate reality, You are attached to nothing, for that is the indelible nature.

* * * *

Is any other creature any more enthralled with their genitalia than we primates are?

* * * *

What more does a man need than a small, sharp blade with which to carve out a heart.

* * * *

All the vanities to which any aspire are as wind blowing from You know where.

* * * *

Righteousness and self-righteousness are two very different states of mind.

* * * *

The plot begins, the plot unfolds, the plot suspends, the plot resolves, the plot ends.

* * * *

Maybe the real heroes are those who live unassuming, anonymous, orderly, peaceful lives.

* * * *

The benefit of great doubt, and the inevitable process of negation, is a free mind.

* * * *

Let the reptiles have it back.

* * * *

What goes up must come down, the joy of statistical certitude.

* * * *

Born free, die free.

* * * *

There was no before, there will be no after, there is only the ephemeral now.

* * * *

What need does a sage firmly grounded in the indivisible have for any mythology?

* * * *

The timeless prior-to-consciousness moment is where it is at, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Life and death are the same but for the consciousness that creates all differences.

* * * *

The stillness, the timelessness of the aloneness, is the essential nature of all eternity.

* * * *

Wallowing in pretense, why?

* * * *

You are very much alone, and nothing can save You from it.

* * * *

What end – sweet or bitter or some blend between – will You endure?

* * * *

Only You know your unabridged story, and even that not completely or accurately.

* * * *

Memories are but slowly dissolving perception undone in mind's conception.

* * * *

Compassion is not something that can be forced; You either got it or You ain't.

* * * *

Like it or not, what You really are and are not is, for all practical purposes, forever.

* * * *

Is happiness really about happiness, or is it more about not being miserable?

* * * *

Yet another line of genomic material rising to its decline and inevitable extinction.

* * * *

Fathom the unfathomable, and You will perchance become unfathomable.

* * * *

Right wing or left wing, there are always wing nuts spinning on loose screws.

* * * *

What is pride, what is vanity, but a mind absorbed in its imaginary delusions.

* * * *

What You say or think all hinges upon the context of the given moment.

* * * *

As stories across time so often demonstrate, alliances are what the human paradigm are about.

* * * *

How could any of this be without You to witness it, to participate in it in whatever way You will.

* * * *

By the time any tomorrow arrives, it will be the same now every yesterday has ever known.

* * * *

The world is a pisser-shitter outhouse for all the dinosaurs that have ever roamed.

* * * *

What selective universe, a selective theater, the mind makes of the senses.

* * * *

There are no followers; only explorers who wander across all lands, all times.

* * * *

The hallmark of any civilization has always been too many people in too little space.

* * * *

Ever since inception, the body has every moment endured its diminishment.

* * * *

If You were really strong, You would not need to proclaim it over and over and over.

* * * *

Surely, the mind is meant for more than a repository of meaningless trivia.

* * * *

The elixir of wisdom is the distillation of a wide array of ever-streaming moments.

* * * *

Bite the hand that feeds You, and be mindful of the slap before it wanders away.

* * * *

Nothing exists but the eternal now, and even that is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

The key ingredient to discerning the ultimate reality is a heady dollop of doubt.

* * * *

The Church of Reason is only as rational, as objective, as vanity allows.

* * * *

Any being rated supreme is surely neither jealous nor vengeful nor ambitious in any way.

* * * *

What is memory for the sage but a set of perceptions from which to mine wisdom.

* * * *

Religious and spiritual are states of imagination to which ignorance and delusion cling.

* * * *

You cannot teach ignorance what it is not capable of, or interested in, learning.

* * * *

Oh, what self-deceptive lies these minds can double-double-toil-and-trouble in their soupy mix.

* * * *

Rid your mind of all its effort, and what is left but that which is unknowable.

* * * *

The joy of science is making black and white, gray, and gray, black and white.

* * * *

A singular vision that relatively few are beckoned-chosen-allowed to clearly perceive.

* * * *

Abiding in stillness, existing without label, without definition, now that's nirvana.

* * * *

You have been locked in a struggle with death since the moment You were conceived.

* * * *

To die to time, to suspend all memories, is to be free, to be born anew in the given moment.

* * * *

The garden is still very Darwin-esque, despite all the safety nets we pretend will save us.

* * * *

No matter how many rocks You turn over, beneath each and every one is the same mystery.

* * * *

Trust fate to sooner or later winding-road You to one executioner's block or another.

* * * *

How many so-called great warriors have never fought the greatest battle within?

* * * *

Winning is not always the priority; surviving, abiding, is often the more realistic outcome.

* * * *

When it comes to watermelons, best leave the heart, or at least part of it, for last.

* * * *

We are kindly served by so many distractions, so few of which really matter.

* * * *

A few deep breaths can inspire greater courage than any set of neuron sparks.

* * * *

To a true believer, it really matters, and woe unto those who differ.

* * * *

True contentment is being at peace with the everything that is nothing all the while.

* * * *

The ivory towers and forums are awash in the same vanities as any other human experience.

* * * *

The times and places and names and faces may change, but the mystery is ever the same.

* * * *

How useless the critic who does not use his/her wit to discern beyond personal prejudice.

* * * *

Judgment requires an intensity that often burdens the accuser as much if not more than the accused.

* * * *

What a strange thing to follow anyone; what a strange thing to be followed by anyone.

* * * *

Effing the ineffable, more effing the ineffable, even more effing the ineffable.

* * * *

Gobbledygook, more gobbledygook, even more gobbledygook.

* * * *

Human drivel, more human drivel, even more human drivel.

* * * *

Mind gorp, more mind gorp, even more mind gorp.

* * * *

Much ado about nothing, more much ado about nothing, even more much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Dogma, more dogma, even more dogma.

* * * *

Glory, more glory, even more glory.

* * * *

Vanity, more vanity, even more vanity.

* * * *

Chaos, more chaos, even more chaos.

* * * *

Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.

* * * *

Rules, more rules, even more rules.

* * * *

Laws, more laws, even more laws.

* * * *

Power, more power, even more power.

* * * *

Fame, more fame, even more fame.

* * * *

Fortune, more fortune, even more fortune.

* * * *

Concepts, more concepts, even more concepts.

* * * *

Done, more done, even more done.

* * * *

Scourge, more scourge, even more scourge.

* * * *

Mind doodles, more mind doodles, even more mind doodles.

* * * *

Déjà vu, more déjà vu, even more déjà vu.

* * * *

Metaphors, more metaphors, even more metaphors.

* * * *

Consequences, more consequences, even more consequences.

* * * *

Meaninglessness, more meaninglessness, even more meaninglessness.

* * * *

Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.

* * * *

Me, myself, and I, more me, myself, and I, even more me, myself, and I.

* * * *

Cute, more cute, even more cute.

* * * *

Entitlement, more entitlement, even more entitlement.

* * * *

Duh, more duh, even more duh.

* * * *

Doh, more doh, even more doh.

* * * *

Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.

* * * *

Say whaaaat?!!, more say whaaaat?!!, even more say whaaaat?!!

* * * *

Tool-making, more tool-making, even more tool-making.

* * * *

Home invasion, more home invasion, even more home invasion.

* * * *

Deception, more deception, even more deception.

* * * *

Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.

* * * *

Savagery, more savagery, even more savagery.

* * * *

Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.

* * * *

Confusion, more confusion, even more confusion.

* * * *

Revenge, more revenge, even more revenge.

* * * *

Forgiveness, more forgiveness, even more forgiveness.

* * * *

Folderol, more folderol, even more folderol.

* * * *

Be here now, more be here now, even more be here now.

* * * *

Be there now, more be there now, even more be there now.

* * * *

Nowhere now, more nowhere now, even more nowhere now.

* * * *

Life of moi, more life of moi, even more life of moi.

* * * *

End is nigh, more end is nigh, even more end is nigh.

* * * *

Nowhere, more nowhere, even more nowhere.

* * * *

Bragging, more bragging, even more bragging.

* * * *

Dramas, more dramas, even more dramas.

* * * *

Soap operas, more soap operas, even more soap operas.

* * * *

Insoluble problems, more insoluble problems, even more insoluble problems.

* * * *

Empowerment, more empowerment, even more empowerment.

* * * *

Disempowerment, more disempowerment, even more disempowerment.

* * * *

Self-absorption, more self-absorption, even more self-absorption.

* * * *

Self-aggrandizement, more self-aggrandizement, even more self-aggrandizement.

* * * *

Opening game, more opening game, even more opening game.

* * * *

Middle game, more middle game, even more middle game.

* * * *

End game, more end game, even more end game.

* * * *

Projects, more projects, even more projects.

* * * *

Conundrums, more conundrums, even more conundrums.

* * * *

Play the gray, more play the gray, even more play the gray.

* * * *

No-others, more no-others, even more no-others.

* * * *

Intelligencia, more intelligencia, even more intelligencia.

* * * *

Aristocracy, more aristocracy, even more aristocracy.

* * * *

Plutocracy, more plutocracy, even more plutocracy.

* * * *

Oligarchy, more oligarchy, even more oligarchy.

* * * *

Tyranny, more tyranny, even more tyranny.

* * * *

Bourgeois, more bourgeois, even more bourgeois.

* * * *

Proletariat, more proletariat, even more proletariat.

* * * *

Deplorables, more deplorables, even more deplorables.

* * * *

Legalisms, more legalisms, even more legalisms.

* * * *

Number-crunchers, more number-crunchers, even more number-crunchers.

* * * *

Politicians, more politicians, even more politicians.

* * * *

Lawyers, more lawyers, even more legalists.

* * * *

Bureaucrats, more bureaucrats, even more bureaucrats.

* * * *

Technocrats, more technocrats, even more technocrats.

* * * *

Political intrigue, more political intrigue, even more political intrigue.

* * * *

Philosophical babble, more philosophical babble, even more philosophical babble.

* * * *

Lone ranger, more lone ranger, even more lone ranger.

* * * *

Pleasure, more pleasure, even more pleasure.

* * * *

Pain, more pain, even more pain.

* * * *

Death, more death, even more death.

* * * *

Killing, more killing, even more killing.

* * * *

Desperation, more desperation, even more desperation.

* * * *

Problems, more problems, even more problems.

* * * *

Solutions, more solutions, even more solutions.

* * * *

Answers, more answers, even more answers.

* * * *

Questions, more questions, even more questions.

* * * *

Punctuation, more punctuation, even more punctuation.

* * * *

Words, more words, even more words.

* * * *

Food, more food, even more food.

* * * *

Sustenance, more sustenance, even more sustenance.

* * * *

Pathos, more pathos, even more pathos.

* * * *

Anguish, more anguish, even more anguish.

* * * *

Tragedy, more tragedy, even more tragedy.

* * * *

Joy, more joy, even more joy.

* * * *

Sorrow, more sorrow, even more sorrow.

* * * *

Misery, more misery, even more misery.

* * * *

Grief, more grief, even more grief.

* * * *

Drugs, more drugs, even more drugs.

* * * *

Sickness, more sickness, even more sickness.

* * * *

Technology, more technology, even more technology.

* * * *

Engineering, more engineering, even more engineering.

* * * *

Science, more science, even more science.

* * * *

Buzz, more buzz, even more buzz.

* * * *

Noise, more noise, even more noise.

* * * *

Knowledge, more knowledge, even more knowledge.

* * * *

Plagiarism, more plagiarism, even more plagiarism.

* * * *

Civility, more civility, even more civility.

* * * *

Vulgarity, more vulgarity, even more vulgarity.

* * * *

Boorishness, more boorishness, even more boorishness.

* * * *

Incivility, more incivility, even more incivility.

* * * *

Coarseness, more coarseness, even more coarseness.

* * * *

Bullying, more bullying, even more bullying.

* * * *

War, more war, even more war.

* * * *

Revolution, more revolution, even more revolution.

* * * *

Unrest, more unrest, even more unrest.

* * * *

Strife, more strife, even more strife.

* * * *

Hunger, more hunger, even more hunger.

* * * *

Hoitytoityville, more Hoitytoityville, even more Hoitytoityville.

* * * *

Craving, more craving, even more craving.

* * * *

Contentment, more contentment, even more contentment.

* * * *

Planet of the Apes, more Planet of the Apes, even More Planet of the Apes.

* * * *

Something happened, more something happened, even more something happened.

* * * *

Serenity, more serenity, even more serenity.

* * * *

Human balderdash, more human balderdash, even more human balderdash.

* * * *

Eclectic, more eclectic, even more eclectic.

* * * *

Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.

* * * *

Birth, more birth, even more birth.

* * * *

Paths to glory, more paths to glory, even more paths to glory.

* * * *

Whining, more whining, even more whining.

* * * *

Pap, more pap, even more pap.

* * * *

Space cadet, more space cadet, even more space cadet.

* * * *

Being, more being, even more being.

* * * *

Becoming, more becoming, even more becoming.

* * * *

Thinking, more thinking, even more thinking.

* * * *

Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.

* * * *

Desire, ore desire, even more desire.

* * * *

Fear, more fear, even more fear.

* * * *

Dread, more dread, even more dread.

* * * *

Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.

* * * *

Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.

* * * *

Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.

* * * *

Non sequitur, more non sequitur, even more non sequitur.

* * * *

Endorphins, more endorphins, even more endorphins.

* * * *

More, more more, even more more.

* * * *

Soma, more soma, even more soma.

* * * *

Babbleon, more babbleon, even more babbleon.

* * * *

Twitteron, more twitteron, even more twitteron.

* * * *

Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.

* * * *

Twitterheads, more twitterheads, even more twitterheads.

* * * *

So it goes, more so it goes, even more so it goes.

* * * *

Food for words, more food for words, even more food for words.

* * * *

Ineffable, more ineffable, even more ineffable.

* * * *

Trees falling, more trees falling, even more trees falling.

* * * *

No-mind, more no-mind, even more no-mind.

* * * *

Mindless perception, more mindless perception, even more mindless perception.

* * * *

Wisdom, more wisdom, even more wisdom.

* * * *

Foolishness, more foolishness, even more foolishness.

* * * *

Weariness, more weariness, even more weariness.

* * * *

Game face, more game face, even more game face.

* * * *

Practice, more practice, even more practice.

* * * *

Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.

* * * *

Bittersweet, more bittersweet, even more bittersweet.

* * * *

Caring, more caring, even more caring.

* * * *

Non-Caring, more non-caring, even more non-caring.

* * * *

Sweet, more sweet, even more sweet.

* * * *

Bitter, more bitter, even more bitter.

* * * *

Sour, more sour, even more sour.

* * * *

Smorgasbord, more smorgasbord, even more smorgasbord.

* * * *

Consumption, more consumption, even more consumption.

* * * *

Parochial, more parochial, even more parochial.

* * * *

Cosmopolitan, more cosmopolitan, even more cosmopolitan.

* * * *

Cruelty, more cruelty, even more cruelty.

* * * *

Kindness, more kindness, even more kindness.

* * * *

Nothing, more nothing, even more nothing.

* * * *

Something, more something, even more something.

* * * *

Meditation, more meditation, even more meditation.

* * * *

Contemplation, more contemplation, even more contemplation.

* * * *

Existence, more existence, even more existence.

* * * *

Creation, more creation, even more creation.

* * * *

Void, more void, even more void.

* * * *

Nil, more nil, even more nil.

* * * *

Naught, more naught, even more naught.

* * * *

Brazen, more brazen, even more brazen.

* * * *

Gold, more gold, even more gold.

* * * *

Real gold, more real gold, even more real gold.

* * * *

False gold, more false gold, even more false gold.

* * * *

Scorn, more scorn, even more scorn.

* * * *

Desolation, more desolation, even more desolation.

* * * *

Things, more things, even more things.

* * * *

Sounds, more sounds, even more sounds.

* * * *

Sights, more sights, even more sights.

* * * *

Flavors, more flavors, even more flavors.

* * * *

Tastes, more tastes, even more tastes.

* * * *

Smells, more smells, even more smells.

* * * *

People, more people, even more people.

* * * *

Nada, more nada, even more nada.

* * * *

Mindful, more mindful, even more mindful.

* * * *

Mindless, more mindless, even more mindless.

* * * *

Wordplay, more wordplay, even more wordplay.

* * * *

Numbers, more numbers, even more numbers.

* * * *

Symbols, more symbols, even more symbols.

* * * *

Images, more images, even more images.

* * * *

Colors, more colors, even more colors.

* * * *

Shades of gray, more shades of gray, even more shades of gray.

* * * *

Forms, more forms, even more forms.

* * * *

Formless, more formless, even more formless.

* * * *

Art, more art, even more art.

* * * *

History, more history, even more history.

* * * *

Ivory Tower, more Ivory Tower, even more Ivory Tower.

* * * *

Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.

* * * *

Preservation, more preservation, even more preservation.

* * * *

Destruction, more destruction, even more destruction.

* * * *

Anthropological events, more anthropological events, even more anthropological events.

* * * *

Crapola, more crapola, even more crapola.

* * * *

Yoke, more yoke, even more yoke.

* * * *

Conversations, more conversations, even more conversations.

* * * *

Habit, more habit, even more habit.

* * * *

Rut, more rut, even more rut.

* * * *

Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.

* * * *

Human bullshit, more human bullshit, even more human bullshit.

* * * *

Human babble, more human babble, even more human babble.

* * * *

Definitions, more definitions, even more definitions.

* * * *

Grace, more grace, even more grace.

* * * *

Perfection, more perfection, even more perfection.

* * * *

Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.

* * * *

Futility, more futility, even more futility.

* * * *

Whodunit, more whodunit, even more whodunit.

* * * *

Beeps, more beeps, even more beeps.

* * * *

Gorging, more gorging, even more gorging.

* * * *

Herd games, more herd games, even more herd games.

* * * *

Berserko, more berserko, even more berserko.

* * * *

Calamity, more calamity, even more calamity.

* * * *

Hobbies, more hobbies, even more hobbies.

* * * *

Whatchamacallits, more whatchamacallits, even more whatchamacallits.

* * * *

Wallahoo, more wallahoo, even more wallahoo.

* * * *

Human chatter, more human chatter, even more human chatter.

* * * *

Digestion, more digestion, even more digestion.

* * * *

Indigestion, more indigestion, even more indigestion.

* * * *

Lies, more lies, even more lies.

* * * *

Extinction, more extinction, even more extinction.

* * * *

Migration, more migration, even more migration.

* * * *

Yabba-dabba-doo, more Yabba-dabba-doo, even more yabba-dabba-doo.

* * * *

Cleverness, more cleverness, even more cleverness.

* * * *

Doubt, more doubt, even more doubt.

* * * *

Quibbling, more quibbling, even more quibbling.

* * * *

Contrarianism, more contrarianism, even more contrarianism.

* * * *

Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.

* * * *

Indivisibility, more indivisibility, even more indivisibility.

* * * *

Silly as it is, more silly as it is, even more silly as it is.

* * * *

Never mind, more never mind, even more never mind.

* * * *

Wandering on empty, more wandering on empty, even more wandering on empty.

* * * *

Obviousness, more obviousness, even more obviousness.

* * * *

Translation, more translation, even more translation.

* * * *

Virtue, more virtue, even more virtue.

* * * *

Excellence, more excellence, even more excellence.

* * * *

Areté, more arête, even more areté.

* * * *

Possibilities, more possibilities, even more possibilities.

* * * *

Similarities, more similarities, even more similarities.

* * * *

Differences, more differences, even more differences.

* * * *

Edifices, more edifices, even more edifices.

* * * *

Corruption, more corruption, even more corruption.

* * * *

Charades, more charades, even more charades.

* * * *

Bonkers, more bonkers, even more bonkers.

* * * *

Trivial pursuit, more trivial pursuit, even more trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Wankers, more wankers, even more wankers.

* * * *

Pedal to the metal, more pedal to the metal, even more pedal to the metal.

* * * *

Aphrodisiac, more aphrodisiac, even more aphrodisiac.

* * * *

Compromise, more compromise, even more compromise.

* * * *

Half-baked, more half-baked, even more half-baked.

* * * *

Indifference, more indifference, even more indifference.

* * * *

Like, more like, even more like.

* * * *

Dislike, more dislike, even more dislike.

* * * *

Values, more values, even more values.

* * * *

Quality, more quality, even more quality.

* * * *

Shapes, more shapes, even more shapes.

* * * *

Calculations, more calculations, even more calculations.

* * * *

Manipulations, more manipulations, even more manipulations.

* * * *

Truths, more truths, even more truths.

* * * *

Order, more order, even more order.

* * * *

Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.

* * * *

Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.

* * * *

Small talk, more small talk, even more small talk.

* * * *

Idle chatter, more idle chatter, even more idle chatter.

* * * *

Great thoughts, more great thoughts, even more great thoughts.

* * * *

Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.

* * * *

Dangerous toys, more dangerous toys, even more dangerous toys.

* * * *

Contradiction, more contradiction, even more contradiction.

* * * *

Psychosis, more psychosis, even more psychosis.

* * * *

Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.

* * * *

Decadence, more decadence, even more decadence.

* * * *

Hogwash, more hogwash, even more hogwash.

* * * *

Shenanigans, more shenanigans, even more shenanigans.

* * * *

Babble-izing, more babble-izing, even more babble-izing.

* * * *

Sentimentalizing, more sentimentalizing, even more sentimentalizing.

* * * *

Gaia disrupted, more gaia disrupted, even more gaia disrupted.

* * * *

Mutuality, more mutuality, even more mutuality.

* * * *

Human ordeal, more human ordeal, even more human ordeal.

* * * *

Figurative lovemore figurative love, even more figurative love.

* * * *

Literal love, more literal love, even more literal love.

* * * *

Witnessing, more witnessing, even more witnessing.

* * * *

Gibberish, more gibberish, even more gibberish.

* * * *

Quantum mirage, more quantum mirage, even more quantum mirage.

* * * *

Quantum dust, more quantumdust, even more quantumdust.

* * * *

Quantum dust storm, more quantum dust storm, even more quantum dust storm.

* * * *

Busy, busy, busy, more busy, busy, busy, even more busy, busy, busy.

* * * *

Tangible, more tangible, even more tangible.

* * * *

Intangible, more intangible, even more intangible.

* * * *

Ground, more ground, even more ground.

* * * *

Essence, more essence, even more essence.

* * * *

Reality, more reality, even more reality.

* * * *

Deceit, more deceit, even more deceit.

* * * *

Past, more past, even more past.

* * * *

Future, more future, even more future.

* * * *

Now, more now, even more now.

* * * *

Clutter, more clutter, even more clutter.

* * * *

Afterthoughts, more afterthoughts, even more afterthoughts.

* * * *

Dribble, more dribble, even more dribble.

* * * *

Naysaying, more naysaying, even more naysaying.

* * * *

Stuff, more stuff, even more stuff.

* * * *

Broken, more broken, even more broken.

* * * *

Strange, more strange, even more strange.

* * * *

Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.

* * * *

Quantum moi, more quantum moi, even more quantum moi.

* * * *

Middlemen bullshit, more middlemen bullshit, even more middlemen bullshit.

* * * *

Yes, more yes, even more yes.

* * * *

No, more no, even more no.

* * * *

Maybe, more maybe, even more maybe.

* * * *

Yes-no-maybe, more yes-no-maybe, even more yes-no-maybe.

* * * *

Jeopardy, more jeopardy, even more jeopardy.

* * * *

Drivel, more drivel, even more drivel.

* * * *

Consumeracracy, more consumeracracy, even more consumeracracy.

* * * *

Grumpy, more grumpy, even more grumpy.

* * * *

Mayhem, more mayhem, even more mayhem.

* * * *

Domesticationmore domesticationeven more domestication.

* * * *

Untamable, more untamable, even more untamable.

* * * *

Repentance, more repentance, even more repentance.

* * * *

Et cetera, more et cetera, even more et cetera.

* * * *

Ad infinitum, more ad infinitum, even more ad infinitum.

* * * *

Ibidemmore ibidemeven more ibidem.

* * * *

Holding on, more holding on, even more holding on.

* * * *

Letting go, more letting go, even more letting go.

* * * *

Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.

* * * *

Choices, more choices, even more choices.

* * * *

Round and round, more round and round, even more round and round.

* * * *

Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.

* * * *

Negation, more negation, even more negation.

* * * *

Evolution, more evolution, even more evolution.

* * * *

Carved block, more carved block, even more carved block.

* * * *

Uncarved block, more uncarved block, even more uncarved block.

* * * *

Moth and flame, more moth and flame, even more moth and flame.

* * * *

Unmasking, more unmasking, even more unmasking,

* * * *

Zoo, more zoo, even more zoo.

* * * *

Modern daze, more modern daze, even more modern daze.

* * * *

Rhetoric, more rhetoric, even more rhetoric.

* * * *

Attributes, more attributes, even more attributes.

* * * *

Passè, more passé, even more passé.

* * * *

Wear and tear, more wear and tear, even more wear and tear.

* * * *

Pain and suffering, more pain and suffering, even more pain and suffering.

* * * *

Tabula rasa, more tabula rasa, even more tabula rasa.

* * * *

Beauty, more beauty, even more beauty.

* * * *

Plain, more plain, even more plain.

* * * *

Ugly, more ugly, even more ugly.

* * * *

In-spades, more in-spades, even more in-spades.

* * * *

Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.

* * * *

Change, more change, even more change.

* * * *

Changeless, more changeless, even more changeless.

* * * *

Babblespeak, more babblespeak, even more babblespeak.

* * * *

Nadaville, more nadaville, even more nadaville.

* * * *

Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.

* * * *

Introspection, more introspection, even more introspection.

* * * *

Extrapolation, more extrapolation, even more extrapolation.

* * * *

Nuances, more nuances, even more nuances.

* * * *

Unborn-undy, more unborn-undy, even more unborn-undying.

* * * *

Endeavor, more endeavor, even more endeavor.

* * * *

Now and then, more now and then, even more now and then.

* * * *

Good news, more good news, even more good news.

* * * *

Bad news more bad news even more bad news.

* * * *

Ugly news, more ugly news, even more ugly news.

* * * *

Enough, more than enough, even more than enough.

* * * *

Enough already, more enough already, even more enough already.

* * * *

Undone again, more undone again, even more undone again.

* * * *

Quantum fare, more quantum fare, even more quantum fare.

* * * *

Quantum faire, more quantum faire, even more quantum faire.

* * * *

World weariness, more world weariness, even more world weariness.

* * * *

Cheerleading, more cheerleading, even more cheerleading.

* * * *

Laziness, more laziness, even more laziness.

* * * *

Humility, more humility, even more humility.

* * * *

False humility, more false humility, even more false humility.

* * * *

Life, more life, even more life.

* * * *

Tribalism, more tribalism, even more tribalism.

* * * *

Buddhaspeak, more buddhaspeak, even more buddhaspeak.

* * * *

Passionate mind, more passionate mind, even more passionate mind.

* * * *

Leftovers, more leftovers, even more leftovers.

* * * *

One-liners, more one-liners, even more one-liners.

* * * *

Soundbites, more soundbites, even more soundbites.

* * * *

Assumptions, more assumptions, even more assumptions.

* * * *

Sensations, more sensations, even more sensations.

* * *

Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.

* * * *

Debacles, more debacles, even more debacles.

* * * *

Connections, more connections, even more connections.

* * * *

Effort, more effort, even more effort.

* * * *

Gerrymandering, more gerrymandering, even more gerrymandering.

* * * *

Accumulation, more accumulation, even more accumulation.

* * * *

Discarding, more discarding, even more discarding.

* * * *

Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.

* * * *

Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Might makes right, more might makes right, even more might makes right.

* * * *

Peter Pan, more Peter Pan, even more Peter Pan.

* * * *

Pitter-patter, more pitter-patter, even more pitter-patter.

* * * *

Meaningless chatter, more meaningless chatter, even more meaningless chatter.

* * * *

Complacency, more complacency, even more complacency.

* * * *

Hoarding, more hoarding, even more hoarding.

* * * *

Travels, more travels, even more travels.

* * * *

Adventures, more adventures, even more adventures.

* * * *

Journeys, more journeys, even more journeys.

* * * *

Rumination, more rumination, even more rumination.

* * * *

Samsara, more samsara, even more samsara.

* * * *

Smoke, more smoke, even more smoke.

* * * *

Soundless, more soundless, even more soundless.

* * * *

Other, more other, even more other.

* * * *

Bullshit, more bullshit, even more bullshit.

* * * *

Smoke and mirrors, more smoke and mirrors, even more smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

Double entendre, more double entendre, even more double entendre.

* * * *

Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.

* * * *

Herd shit, more herd shit, even more herd shit.

* * * *

Dabbling, more dabbling, even more dabbling.

* * * *

Whatthe#$*!, more whatthe#$*!, even more whatthe#$*!

* * * *

Research needed, more research needed, even more research needed.

* * * *

Squawking, more squawking, even more squawking.

* * * *

Charades, more charades, even more charades.

* * * *

Habitual thinking, more habitual thinking, even more habitual thinking.

* * * *

Games, more games, even more games.

* * * *

Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.

* * * *

Go, more go, even more go.

* * * *

Hubris, more hubris, even more hubris.

* * * *

Stop, more stop, even more stop.

* * * *

Yield, more yield, even more yield.

* * * *

Social distancing, more social distancing, even more social distancing.

* * * *

Breeding, more breeding, even more breeding.

* * * *

Aimlessness, more aimlessness, even more aimlessness.

* * * *

Diminishment, more diminishment, even more diminishment.

* * * *

Bleak ends, more bleak ends, even more bleak ends.

* * * *

Regurgitation, more regurgitation, even more regurgitation.

* * * *

Grand theater, more grand theater, even more grand theater.

* * * *

Embracing oblivion, more embracing oblivion, even more embracing oblivion.

* * * *

Chatter, more chatter, even more chatter.

* * * *

Lists, more lists, even more lists.

* * * *

Roshambo, more roshambo, even more roshambo.

* * * *

Finicky, more finicky, even more finicky.

* * * *

Names and faces, more names and faces, even more names and faces.

* * * *

Myths and legends, more myths and legends, even more myths and legends.

* * * *

Progress, more progress, even more progress.

* * * *

Bottom-feeders, more bottom-feeders, even more bottom-feeders.

* * * *

Suffering, more suffering, even more suffering.

* * * *

Moronic, more moronic, even more moronic.

* * * *

Natural selection, more natural selection, even more natural selection.

* * * *

Unnatural selection, more unnatural selection, even more unnatural selection.

* * * *

Capitulation, more capitulation, even more capitulation.

* * * *

Inner dialogue, more inner dialogue, even more inner dialogue.

* * * *

Plagiarization, more plagiarization, even more plagiarization.

* * * *

Duplication, more duplication, even more duplication.

* * * *

Observation, more observation, even more observation.

* * * *

Bitter brew, more bitter brew, even more bitter brew.

* * * *

Mumbo-jumbo, more mumbo-jumbo, even more mumbo-jumbo.

* * * *

Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.

* * * *

Pandora, more pandora, even more pandora.

* * * *

Storytelling, more storytelling, even more storytelling.

* * * *

Human concoction, more human concoction, even more human concoction.

* * * *

Conceptual fray, more conceptual fray, even more conceptual fray.

* * * *

God-eat-god, more god-eat-god, even more god-eat-god.

* * * *

Nothing less, more nothing less, even more nothing less.

* * * *

Nothing more, more nothing more, even more nothing more.

* * * *

Nothing but, more nothing but, even more nothing but.

* * * *

Splinters, more splinters, even more splinters.

* * * *

Selfie madness, more selfie madness, even more selfie madness.

* * * *

Watching, more watching, even more watching.

* * * *

Hysteria, more hysteria, even more hysteria.

* * * *

Perspectives, more perspectives, even more perspectives.

* * * *

Holy shit, more holy shit, even more holy shit.

* * * *

Trial and error, more trial and error, even more trial and error.

* * * *

Inner narration, more inner narration, even more inner narration.

* * * *

Genomic sequencing, more genomic sequencing, even more genomic sequencing.

* * * *

Human poppycock, more human poppycock, even more human poppycock.

* * * *

Subtlety, more subtlety, even more subtlety.

* * * *

Titles, more titles, even more titles.

* * * *

Travesty, more travesty, even more travesty.

* * * *

Irrationality, more irrationality, even more irrationality.

* * * *

Banality, more banality, even more banality.

* * * *

Naps, more naps, even more naps.

* * * *

Processing, more processing, even more processing.

* * * *

Dittyfesting, more dittyfesting, even more dittyfesting.

* * * *

Mirages, more mirages, even more mirages.

* * * *

Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.

* * * *

Discord, more discord, even more discord.

* * * *

Dissipation, more dissipation, even more dissipation.

* * * *

Distrust, more distrust, even more distrust.

* * * *

Disgust, more disgust, even more disgust.

* * * *

Development, more development, even more development.

* * * *

Distraction, more distraction, even more distraction.

* * * *

Terror, more terror, even more terror.

* * * *

Gossip, more gossip, even more gossip.

* * * *

Nagging, more nagging, even more nagging.

* * * *

Already forgotten, more already forgotten, even more already forgotten.

* * * *

Torture, more torture, even more torture.

* * * *

Just being, more just being, even more just being.

* * * *

Doofus, more doofus, even more doofus.

* * * *

Stepping back, more stepping back, even more stepping back.

* * * *

Sweet surrender, more sweet surrender, even more sweet surrender.

* * * *

Celebration, more celebration, even more celebration.

* * * *

Boogaloo, more boogaloo, even more boogaloo.

* * * *

Nostalgia, more nostalgia, even more nostalgia.

* * * *

Empty chatter, more empty chatter, even more empty chatter.

* * * *

Phases, more phases, even more phases.

* * * *

Hurt, more hurt, even more hurt.

* * * *

Zip, more zip, even more zip.

* * * *

Moving on, more moving on, even more moving on.

* * * *

Pollyanna, more pollyanna, even more pollyanna.

* * * *

Hidden treasure, more hidden treasure, even more hidden treasure.

* * * *

Yada yada, more yada yada, even more yada yada.

* * * *

Intensity, more intensity, even more intensity.

* * * *

Revelations, more revelations, even more revelations.

* * * *

Preening, more preening, even more preening.

* * * *

Chaff, more chaff, even more chaff.

* * * *

Hooey balooey, more hooey balooey, even more hooey balooey.

* * * *

Tales of woe, more tales of woe, even more tales of woe.

* * * *

Middlemen, more middlemen, even more middlemen.

* * * *

Menus, more menus, even more menus.

* * * *

Puny thinking, more puny thinking, even more puny thinking.

* * * *

Fluff, more fluff, even more fluff.

* * * *

Sisyphus, more Sisyphus, even more Sisyphus.

* * * *

Joyful curmudgeon, more joyful curmudgeon, even more joyful curmudgeon.

* * * *

Memories, more memories, even more memories.

* * * *

Wordsmithing, more wordsmithing, even more wordsmithing.

* * * *

Reflections, more reflections, even more reflections.

* * * *

Magical thinking, more magical thinking, even more magical thinking.

* * * *

Gods, more gods, even more gods.

* * * *

Deities, more deities, even more deities.

* * * *

Impressions, more impressions, even more impressions.

* * * *

Th-th-th-that's all folks, more th-th-th-that's all folks, even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

Breadcrumbs

Oh, for a time machine from which to view all creation, all dissolution.
Alas that dreamtime does not exist as more than imaginary filament.

* * * *

I be a born again agnostic.

* * * *

I be not bound within by any law fashioned of human conception,
For I abide in nature's realm, and no other shall stand before it.

* * * *

Been there, seen that; the wheel of creation and destruction rolls on and on.

* * * *

Happy Birthday, oh, Happy Birthday …
Sickness, sorrow, pain, and despair …
People dying everywhere … but …
Happy Birthday, oh, Happy Birthday.

(Sung to Russian tune)

* * * *

In some musty, ancient, gray basement of the Ivory Tower, reside I,
Knowing enough to know I perchance know a little something,
But very little compared to the ethereal layers of the scholarly keep above,
Spiraling so high, so pristinely, so unequivocally, into the exalted realms of imagination.

* * * *

Alas that your bladder shall have to wait for mine.

* * * *

The rut grows daily deeper, and the calls to action daily fewer.

* * * *

My many opinions, my many views, my many generalizations,
May often be flip and overdone – gospel they are not, and hopefully will never be –
So best accept, best believe none of them without due consideration.
Critical thinking is the chasm between sage and fool.

* * * *

I mind my own business.
How about You do the same?

* * * *

A harbor for political correctness, I am not.

* * * *

Pretty sure I did not intend to offend, but some people are just too thin-skinned avoid it.

* * * *

For the want of a pen, a thought was lost.

* * * *

A future denizen of the Dead Poets Society.

* * * *

If I cannot save myself, how can I save anyone else?

* * * *

Uh-oh, no paper and pen, alas, another ditty gone and lost forever.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

A good friend is content with your cordial attention.
A fair number of women seem to expect your soul, too.

* * * *

Bookstores and libraries and boxes of books at yard sales always make me drowsy.
Something to do with the overwhelming concentration of consciousness, methinks.

* * * *

A walkin'-talkin' fountain of gibberish, I am, I am.

* * * *

I think, therefore I think I exist.
I think, therefore I think I am.

* * * *

If You do not care, why should anyone else?

* * * *

Just a few four-letter words to which I yield little or no attachment:
Love, hate, hope, good, just, luck, fair, cute, nice, pink,
Work, time, herd, fate, true, gawd …

* * * *

It just so does not matter at all.

* * * *

Another day of sketching with words.

* * * *

Fortunately, there is a good chance I can resist killing You for that little blaspheme.

* * * *

Joe Everyman wakes to another day.

* * * *

Resting in solitude, basking in sunlight.
Content that it is not limelight.
How fortunate I am.

* * * *

The human species hankers for stories,
And if I really strained my ability,
I could probably come up with something.
But it would likely be stiff, and not all that rousing,
Because storytelling takes too much effort, too much drudge.
Far less engaging than the reason I picked up the pen in the first place.
The so-it-goes of nature-nurture molded me into a maximteller brand of scribe.

* * * *

Something to do until the sun sets.

* * * *

Did I ever really care? I cannot remember.

* * * *

Why all these thoughts?
Well, I guess You could say:
Nothing … interested me more.

* * * *

Well beyond weary I am of this ofttimes torturous mortal shell.

* * * *

Another day underway.

* * * *

Cannot save myself, how could I ever save anyone else?

* * * *

The irony of these many thoughts is they came from the unassuming, gentle loins
Of a humble farmer who could have been a sculptor of garden statues,
And a kindergarten teacher who loved reading and bridge.

* * * *

Did I do everything? No.
Did I do enough? Yes.
More than enough, actually.

* * * *

Awash in nada.

* * * *

One of the first go-to ditties that bubbled to mind back in the late 80's happened
While teaching fifth grade at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California.
It came out as a response to one of my students, Alicia,
The willful single daughter of a single mother,
Who was trying to run the classroom:
"Alicia, I don't know how it is at home, but here,
'Yes means yes, no means no, and maybe does not mean yes.'"
The next day her mother said in passing, "I don't know if Alicia likes You."
To which the retrospect rejoinder would have been, "It's not my job to be liked by Alicia,"
Followed by, "Nor is it yours."

* * * *

Because I was allotted no agenda, no plan, no purpose, no objective, no raison d'être,
The inscrutable mystery took me into its bosom, and flung me every direction.
Took me for a bit of a whirl out on the cosmic dance floor, so to speak.
And somehow, I survived long enough to share what I gleaned.

* * * *

As far as passing on this cadaver's genetic material goes,
My metaphor is that I toured many gun ranges,
But seemed to have been a lousy shot.
It was many years later
That I came up with the phrase,
"I love my kids too much to bring them here."

* * * *

I am Spock.

* * * *

These breadcrumbs will hopefully assure there will be no pedestal placed beneath this scribe.
That all sages and fools, all saints and demons, are all the same ineffaceable mystery,
That everything, that everyone, are all created of the same quantum illusion.
It is a nothing-more-nothing-less dream from any get-go to any finale imaginable.

* * * *

Granted, dystopian collapse may be eluded before this lifetime's exit,
But to even for a second believe calamity cannot happen,
Would be an imprudent error of judgment.
Always good policy to hope for the best, plan for the worst.

* * * *

Had my opportunities, made my choices, living with them.

* * * *

How I long for the purity of the Darwinian world before our advent.

* * * *

Way more than this wee brain craves or needs,
Or is even able to wrap its head around
At this stage of its mortal dream,
Its sojourning reverie.

* * * *

Am so over our kind and all our bullshit, all our absurd self-absorption,
The last wheezing breath will be a sigh of relief that it is finally over.

* * * *

There less and less being an “I” in the everyday worldly sense,
Who-what-where-when-why-how is scribing all this silliness?

* * * *

An aphoristic collage,
A puzzle jigged, a puzzle sawed,
An assorted potpourri of motley thoughts,
A mystic drunkard’s trail of doubt,
An epic, long and winding.

* * * *

Dissolving the world one meme at a time.

* * * *

Another wispy snowflake of a thought
Melting from pen to paper
For time to do
Whatever it will, or will not.

* * * *

Older than the stars, younger than the moment.

* * * *

Wandering in and out of time
Like a drunk staggering from bar to bar,
Bottomless drink in hand,

* * * *

So many things I am supposed to care about, and just do not want to anymore.

* * * *

The world is my urinal.

* * * *

Please feel free to go bother someone else.

* * * *

Fellow Earthlings, I have created You all today …

* * * *

On and on and on the scratchy recording plays.
Who in their right mind would ever read
This babbling brook of silliness?

* * * *

Perhaps the dream will find use
For these many thoughts, perhaps not.
‘Tis the nature of any gift to not know its fate.

* * * *

I know You take this all very seriously, so please pardon me for laughing.

* * * *

Fading back into nothingness.

* * * *

You would no doubt have them entertain a different way,
Were it possible for enough to hear what You have to say.

* * * *

More witness than participant at this writing; such is the doneness of retired life.

* * * *

Why in any god’s name would I want to fit in to any part of this inanely absurd paradigm?

* * * *

Nothing like a little gloom and doom to gladden this dark heart.

* * * *

Self pleasantly poof discerned; all ambition poof gone.

* * * *

My faith is so strong, no word or act, no belief or creed, is required.

* * * *

A line of work for which there is no job description.

* * * *

A student of time rooted in eternity.

* * * *

Daily growing into more and more of an anachronism, and okay with that.

* * * *

Epiphanies can be very addictive to the pondering mind, indeed.

* * * *

You raise me from the dead, and we will have an issue.

* * * *

Freely received, freely passed on.

* * * *

Disseminating an infinite vision of that which many call God,
A vision that includes anything and everything,
A vision that includes even You.

* * * *

Plenty of material, and not much audience, but at least I got to read most of it.

* * * *

Where's the hemlock?

* * * *

Your conclusions about me are as meaningless as mine are about You.

* * * *

Not interested in debating some tiny vision, sorry.

* * * *

Where would these writings be without word processing,
And all the spellcheck and dictionary and thesaurus functions?

* * * *

Some things must age a bit before they are appreciated.

* * * *

I have been allotted the destiny to discern that awareness, that vision, that insight, that wisdom,
Which has been perceived by many thinkers across all times and geographies.
The concepts and symbols and dogmas may vary greatly,
But the source is ever the same.

* * * *

Written for another time in which I am ready to awaken.

* * * *

Everything fading, foggy and distant, as if it all never really happened.

* * * *

I came, I saw, I puttered.

* * * *

Well, my fine pretty, aren't You a sight for lustful eyes.

* * * *

A cadaver replete with multiple personalities.

* * * *

Going nowhere … slowly.

* * * *

I know what I really am, and it is up to You to figure out the same.

* * * *

Who can even guess how that one came to mind?

* * * *

Field notes from yet another observer of the unmanifest underpinning of the dreamtime show.

* * * *

Another anonymous dreamer a-dreaming away.

* * * *

Bliss? Joy? Ecstasy? Rapture?
Perhaps sometimes in the once and a while,
But more often, in this particular mind, through these eyes,
Words like cynical, sardonic, wry, ironic, paradoxical,
Are more accurate descriptors of the attitude.
Someday, perhaps, joy will effervesce,
But, until then, let what it is,
Play on as it will.

* * * *

Who can even guess how that one came to mind?

* * * *

Some women want forever and a day, and will slice off your balls to get it.

* * * *

Even this ethereal aphoristic view is pitted with delusion,
But it is as holistic as this finite, mortal mind
Has as yet discerned to imagine.

* * * *

Done went native.

* * * *

Well, that is what seems obvious from this reckoning, anyway.

* * * *

A vision with no attachment
To the confabulations of the mind in time,
For You to discern as it is your destiny to discern, or not.

* * * *

Dementia rules; the tyranny of passivity continues its reign.

* * * *

The ultimate vision a scientific mind has to offer.

* * * *

You can take it or leave it.
No matter to me, I got mine.
Just sharing the wealth.

* * * *

Yup, I'm laughing at You, too, so I guess we're even.

* * * *

Pen to paper is the most efficient means
To communicate this concept or that
In the squalling winds of time.
And even in that medium
There is no guarantee
You will be heard.

* * * *

Nary an ounce of ambition left for this world, or any other.

* * * *

It is That about which I Am.

* * * *

Men only turn gray on the outside.

* * * *

Just when You think it might be done,
More little thoughts, little ditties of this or that,
Bubble into yet another inky scribble.

* * * *

I know You believe You understand what You think I said,
But I am not sure You realize what You heard is not what I meant.

* * * *

A hodgepodge of thoughts of a wander through time.

* * * *

And not even one itsy-bitsy-witsy miracle.
Tch, tch, tch … or congratulations … You decide.

* * * *

Always something of a shock running into another who ponders the mystery as I do.
Someone who appreciates what has been written, and the way it has been written.
Lights up that pleasant, self-absorbed, warm-fuzzy, narcissistic, vanity thing.

* * * *

Becoming a mystical philosopher,
Why would anyone do that to themselves
If they had any choice in the matter?

* * * *

In all honesty, I am pretty locked in, as well.

* * * *

No need for a publisher when the work is destined to be freely given to all who seek it.

* * * *

Throughout its so-called religious history, the Middle East has been a lead sponsor
Of a delusional, dangerous madness, that threatens egalitarian ideas with annihilation.

* * * *

Am I talking about You? Or am I talking about me? The same, You see.

* * * *

The wisdom of age is meager compensation for a strong back and hard cock.

* * * *

Probably should not even bother writing all this, but I just cannot help my Self

* * * *

Just another bit player in El Teatro Grande.

* * * *

A ministry of one.

* * * *

Another message in the bottle, so to speak,
For time to sort out however it will, or will not.

* * * *

I am now.
I am awareness.
I am unborn-undying.
I am That I Am.

* * * *

There is no other, only me, ethereally eternal, forever present.

* * * *

The art of the comma, and its pausing nature, is subtle play, indeed.

* * * *

Just raising the bar, so to speak.

* * * *

I witness You; whether or not You witness me is of no concern.

* * * *

Be grateful that I do not have the power of some ancient, wrathful god,
For the flood this mind imagines would make Noah's seem but a puddle.

* * * *

Am reconciled to the reality that I can neither do it all,
Nor see it all, nor hear it all, nor taste it all, nor smell it all, nor feel it all, nor think it all.
A hearty statistical sample will have to do.

* * * *

Hobby time again.

* * * *

The list grows daily longer.

* * * *

In the never-ending tug of war between consciousness and awareness,
Sometimes I see clearly, and sometimes I do not.
So it goes, dust off, move on.

* * * *

Because someone else did it, I do not have to.

* * * *

Another day under the radar.

* * * *

A knack for wordplay.

* * * *

How I have managed to survive all my transgressions, all my inanities, is indeed a mystery.

* * * *

Once upon a time, the feminine mystic was unbelievably spellbinding.
Once upon a time, the masculine virility was irrepressible.

But alas, oh well, so it goes, things change.
And the correlation, beyond-any-and-all-doubt palpable.

* * * *

Not a meal that ever needs repeating.

* * * *

Another day, more food for words.

* * * *

Not too many adventures would draw me back into this mortal circus voluntarily.
Seafarer, linebacker, mercenary, assassin, jewel thief, hermit, might kindle a twinkling of interest,
But papered occupations like engineer, programmer, accountant, social worker,
Physician, lawyer, or teacher, most definitively would not.

* * * *

Me, negative? Well, Pilgrim, what is there to be positive about?

* * * *

Yet another tiresome, annoying human being.
Is it me? Is it them? Don't know. Don't care.

* * * *

Wouldn't mind believing in something, but I don't, unless believing in nothing is something.

* * * *

Never had much of an agenda in the younger daze.
For sure got nothing in these twilight, fourth quarter ones,
Other than to continue to babbling all this silliness into cyberspace.

* * * *

This temporal, mundane, food-for-worms existence has been spent wandering all camps.
Weaving in and out of very sort of box of both the parochial and cosmopolitan kinds.
Attaching and detaching, bonding and breaking, as need and inclination allowed.
Label me however You will, it is that which has brought You all these many thoughts.

* * * *

Another epiphany … Oh joy.

* * * *

Why should anyone listen to anyone who offers them nothing?

* * * *

Here now I be,
Fulfilling this destiny,
This fate, this kismet, this vocation,
One ditty at a time.

* * * *

The procession from mind to paper to digitalization is ever the merry chase.

* * * *

Nothing more I need to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel, to do, to be, to become.

* * * *

Is any creative work ever really done? Certainly not this one.
Give me another one hundred or one thousand years,
And who knows what will never be written.

* * * *

As honest as an impulsive nature allows.

* * * *

Sometimes wakeful, sometimes lethargic,
Sometimes sober, sometimes intoxicated, sometimes high,
Sometimes while laboring, sometimes while playing, sometimes while unwinding,
This perpetual wordplay happens no matter the state of mind or body.
Sleep is perhaps the only time free of their absorbing call.

* * * *

If I am not Buddha, I certainly be close enough for this and any future past.

* * * *

This mind is like a Magic 8 Ball teaming with thoughts galore.
A murky quagmire from which wisdom distills so clearly.
One ditty after another serenely floating into vision.

* * * *

Posterity … Pfft!

* * * *

Breadcrumbs is a section for all my vain bile and malice.
Good therapy for the little self's perpetual notions of grandeur,
And other ceaselessly elaborate and hollow notions of the human kind.

* * * *

What a world. I will not miss us.

* * * *

Less and less truly matters anymore, and though I regularly consume and cling and vent.
I could just as easily walk away, as I have from so many things so many times.
And yes, I even toy with the thought of tossing these many thoughts.
Delete the website, Google, Facebook, Twitter, all the blogs.
Dumpsterize every bit of hard copy I can retrieve.
Maybe even become more of a recluse than I already am,
And depart this magical garden world as anonymously as I entered it.

* * * *

I want to be the Reaper when I grow up.

* * * *

It is up to You to figure out the mystery on your own.
Whether or not these myriad thoughts are of any use in that quest,
Whether You read part or all, or move on perusing elsewhere, matters not one iota.
My wallet is full enough, and I have no craving for mansions, limousines, yachts, or glass cathedrals.
Let the three vanities: power and fame and fortune, be someone else's bother.

* * * *

What a huge trap women are to a man's freedom.

* * * *

What a wretched statement about this mortal existence
That this mind derives so much pleasure from a cynical stance.
Some sort of Nero-watching-Rome-burn thing, no doubt.

* * * *

Yay oh yay, yet another helping of not necessary.

* * * *

From mind to paper, these many thoughts: zits popping like volcanoes.

* * * *

The monkey made me do it.

* * * *

Glynda Lee thought the title should be "A Stillness Before Time,"
But a more definitive "The" has always sounded better to me.

* * * *

I told You so.

* * * *

You and your puny little labels can quick march somewhere else.

* * * *

So that is your big satori moment, eh?
Sounds like ivory tower babbleon to me.

* * * *

Have I become a solipsist in the metaphysical sense?

* * * *

Excuse me while I once again try to swallow my pride.

* * * *

In most every ditty, something to unlock in perception's rainbow.
Not quite koans, but close enough for this mind's roguish purpose.

* * * *

Every day I beg the Grim Reaper to take me home,
But he just sniggers and says, "Maybe tomorrow."

* * * *

Buddha my way.

* * * *

Oops, ya got me again.
Paradox and irony rule.

* * * *

The Secret Life of Michael

* * * *

Doom and gloom, my favorite.

* * * *

Yet another interesting La Mancha Quixote
Out to save a species that cannot be saved.
Another interesting book I need not buy.
Another interesting group I need not join.

* * * *

Running on empty.

* * * *

Wikipedia defines Emotional intelligence (EI), also known
As Emotional quotient (EQ) and Emotional Intelligence Quotient(EIQ),
As the capability of individuals to recognize their own emotions and those of others,
Discern between different feelings and label them appropriately,
Use emotional information to guide thinking and behavior,
And manage and/or adjust emotions to adapt
to environments or achieve one's goal(s).

Haven't got the EI or EQ or EIQ to play the guru spiritual leader game,
Or even participate in more than a cursory manner in this or any other world anymore.
I be done in all but the kaleidoscoping here-now of this here mind and body.

* * * *

Don't have to care anymore, so I try not to as often as mind allows.

* * * *

Save the world? I think not.

* * * *

One foot planted upon the quantum ground,
And the other afloat in an unknown abyss.

* * * *

The beginnings of corruption can be but a Banyan seed,
Or even a Tootsie Roll, covertly snatched by a young boy from a grocery store shelf,
And too hastily, too greedily, opened in the rear seat of the family station wagon.
The world only saved, at least for a bit, by a mother's ever-constant virtue,
A mumbled apology to the cashier, and plea that a father not be told.
Memo to Self: If You are going to be a thief, be smart about it.

* * * *

Never understood people who exclaimed during interviews that they loved problems.
I despise them so thoroughly that I squash them as soon as they broach my awareness.

* * * *

Once upon a time, I enjoyed all the details, but now, ugh and bother.

* * * *

Save the world? Maybe tomorrow.

* * * *

Before You enter this thinker's house, please be sure to check your limitations,
And beliefs and conclusions and assumptions and fears and desires at the door.

* * * *

It takes a lot of work to grow old.

* * * *

Am I absurd beyond all doubt, or simply a jester, a life force willing to lend itself
To exploring, to plumbing the unfathomable depths as deeply, and in such manner,
As the singular, indivisible, indelible aloneness of the given body-mind will allow.

* * * *

Getting old and creaky and withered, and grumpy and whiney, too.

* * * *

Whether or not awareness has through this set of eyes
Discerned its Self as clearly, as lucidly, as other minds might
Does not matter one iota of a particle of a smidgeon.
All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

Worn enough hats to know they would all fit if I had the interest and capability.

* * * *

Always interesting to watch these ditties unfold.
Can never be sure in what way they will evolve.
Whether or not they will end up as they started.

* * * *

And if You had never said or written any of it, who would know, who would care?

* * * *

Fascinating how the technological wonder of word-processing in these modern times,
With its spell check and grammar check and dictionary and thesaurus functions,
Works with this mind to weave these so many thoughts onto any given page.
The cuneiform tablet could never even begin to magic-carpet-ride it quite the same.

* * * *

A mystic's therapy.

* * * *

Offered my friendship … She wanted my soul … No-no-no-no-no … Oh-no-no-no-no …

* * * *

It's that "old" thing raising up its head again.

* * * *

Woke this morn up feeling a wee bit more …
Irritable, argumentative, difficult, cross, complaining,
Petulant, unreasonable, curt, belligerent, snappish, fiery, tetchy,
Touchy, grumpy, prickly, disagreeable, ill-tempered, crabby, bad-tempered,
Argumentative, peevish, hotheaded, grouchy, incensed, unruly, quick-tempered, errant,
Bad-tempered, snippy, infuriated, impatient, annoyed, disobedient, fuming, ratty, willful, exasperated,
Furious, beside myself, rebellious, enraged, angry, passionate, heated, sharp, hot-blooded,
Insubordinate, crusty, volatile, manic, fervent, brusque, defiant, short-tempered,
Surly, contrary, naughty, cranky, awkward, irascible, uncooperative,
Temperamental, ornery, crotchety, and cantankerous …
… than usual.
So, back to bed for a few more zzz's.
No need to face this ludicrous asylum that badly.
Wondering if I will wake up in a better, more enlightened mood.
Perchance less weary of this human debacle,
And so many of its denizens.

* * * *

The appetite for this world and all its tasty venues grows daily less.

* * * *

Another project started; another never to be finished.

* * * *

What are all these philosophical-slash-mystical thoughts

But something to do when nothing more interesting calls.
Shows just how utterly prosaic this existence has become.

* * * *

The Cheshire Man

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow, or the next day, or a year or three after that.

* * * *

200 million in Year One Anno Domini
First billion mark reached in 1804 Anno Domini
Second billion 126 years later in 1930 (Dad age 4, Mom age 1)
2.6 billion 23 years later in 1953 (Moi Year One)
Three billion in 1960 (Moi 7 years old)
4 billion in 1974 (Moi 21 years old)
5 billion in 1987 (Moi 34 years old)
6 billion in 1999 (Moi 46 years old)
7 billion in 2011 (Moi 58 years old)
8 billion projected in 2023 (Moi 70 years old, maybe)
9 billion projected in 2037 (Moi 84 years old, likely long gone)
Ten billion projected in 2056 (Moi 103 years old, very likely long gone)

* * * *

A simmering volcano.

* * * *

What an absurd, pathetic hoax the human drama has become.
What is the cosmos to me anymore but a muse for more thoughts,
More thoughts than anyone but myself will ever even begin to peruse.

* * * *

Yet another day of mining the insight, of talking the walk of the Ruby Slippers
That have wandered the long and winding Yellow Brick Road
Through the mystical-magical Land of Oz.

* * * *

I am kindly served by so many distractions, so few of which anymore matter.

* * * *

The ability, the courage, to walk up to total strangers and start a conversation,
Was a talent that Lyle displayed again and again to his shy friend.
It was but an ember when he departed so very young;
A gift parlayed in many ways ever since.

* * * *

I have worked very hard to do nothing.

* * * *

Christen once called me a hierophant:
A person, especially a priest in ancient Greece,
Who interprets sacred mysteries or esoteric principles.

* * * *

There was an epoch saga to inhale, to witness, to compose,
And disperse across the globe in the many ways,
This contemporary dreamtime offered.
This is what I was born to do.
How utterly amazing
To have been given the opportunity.

* * * *

The main difference between Democrats and Republicans
Is whether the money goes into their left or right pockets.

* * * *

The confines of form are a cauldron of intrigue,
In which less and less interest daily finds muster.

* * * *

Neither powerful nor famous nor wealthy,
The contentment of anonymity was my magic carpet ride
To all of the above, and much, much more.

* * * *

Out into the day, a mild breeze steps.

* * * *

Alas that nearly every day I reel from weary antipathy
Toward all the ugly and fat and stupid and vain people
That so abundantly burgeon in my wandering presence.
Alas that I am all-knowing, all-accepting, all-benevolent,
Only in the most detached recesses of spotless awareness.
Consciousness is the inherent flaw that all must endure.

* * * *

Writing is not more than a hobby for which I gladly retain amateur status.

* * * *

I think, therefore I think I am.
I exist without labels or definitions.
What others think of me means nothing.

* * * *

Having never followed, having never imitated anybody,
Why would I ever insist that anyone follow or imitate me?

* * * *

Rest assured, the depths to which my cynicism flows, have yet to be fully plumbed.

* * * *

It is the long and winding journey
Through so many different frames of reference
That has spiced up this seemingly endless collection of thoughts.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#$*!?

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit
59 Moments to History
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility
59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism

59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success
59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness

59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments … To Be Continued

Be What You Gotta Be

Be what You gotta be.
Do what You gotta do.
See what You gotta see.
Feel what You gotta feel.
Shit what You gotta shit.
Like what You gotta like.
Love what You gotta love.
Play what You gotta play.
Hate what You gotta hate.
Hear what You gotta hear.
Taste what You gotta taste.
Think what You gotta think.
Sweat what You gotta sweat.
Dream what You gotta dream.
Breathe what You gotta breathe.
Consume what You gotta consume.
Believe what You gotta believe.
Smell what You gotta smell.
Own what You gotta own.
Toss what You gotta toss.
Kill what You gotta kill.
Die what You gotta die.

Monarchs of the Mind

Pride, more pride, even more pride.
Envy, more envy, even more envy.
Lust, more lust, even more lust.
Sloth, more sloth, even more sloth.
Greed, more greed, even more greed.
Wrath, more wrath, even more wrath.
Gluttony, more gluttony, even more gluttony.
The Seven Deadly Sins: Monarchs of the human mind.

Why Should There Be? How Can There Be?

Why should there be, how can there be, any who?
Why should there be, how can there be, any what?
Why should there be, how can there be, any where?
Why should there be, how can there be, any when?
Why should there be, how can there be, any why?
Why should there be, how can there be, any how?

You Are, You Are Not

You are this set of biological functions; You are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; You are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; You are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; You are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; You are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; You are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; You are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; You are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; You are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; You are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; You are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; You are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; You are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; You are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; You are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; You are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; You are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; You are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; You are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; You are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; You are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

Titles on Consciousness

The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Depths of Consciousness
The Cloud of Consciousness
The Conscious Eye
The Parameters of Consciousness
The Nuances of Consciousness
The Miasma of Human Consciousness
The Maelstrom of Human Consciousness
Paradigms of Consciousness
The Conscious Breath
The Conscious Witness
The Matrix of Consciousness
The Sands of Consciousness
The Bounds of Consciousness
The Theater of Consciousness
The Big Bang of Consciousness
The Sphere of Consciousness
Consciousness is Smoke; Awareness, Fire
Self Consciousness
The Spectrum of Consciousness
The Living Death of Consciousness
The Collusion of Consciousness
The Winds of Consciousness
The Relativity of Consciousness
Consciousness or Awareness, Your Choice
Ethereal Awareness, Ephemeral Consciousness
Consciousness Measures, Awareness Streams
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
Faces of Consciousness
Harbors of Consciousness
Windows of Consciousness
Streaming Consciousness
Consciousness is the Flaw
The Fog of Consciousness
The Dance of Consciousness
The Bane of Consciousness
Instinct Slathered with Consciousness
The Absurdity of Consciousness
A Collusion of Consciousness
The Schizophrenia of Consciousness
The Mystery of Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness
Prior to Consciousness, Prior to Quantum
The Motley Winds of Consciousness
The Netherworld of Consciousness
The Hubris of Consciousness

The Bravado of Consciousness
Wandering the Relativity of Consciousness
The Narcissist's Guide to Higher Consciousness
The Web of Consciousness
The Contractions of Consciousness
The Awareness Prior to Consciousness
The Oppression of Consciousness
The Intelligence Prior to Consciousness
Consciousness, the Usurper
The Gordian Knot of Consciousness
Consciousness (a.k.a., Imagination)
The Trilogy of Consciousness
The Whims of Consciousness
The Shallows of Consciousness
The Ebb and Flow of Consciousness
The Pleasure of Consciousness
The Pain of Consciousness

The Trilogy of Consciousness:
Power, Fame, Fortune

The Ever-Changing Consciousness:
Remembering and Forgetting Its Imaginary Creation.

Titles, Titles & More Titles 2018

The First and Last Freedom

In the pure nihilistic mind,
The mind that doubts everything,
The mind that no longer seeks meaning,
The mind that no longer necessitates purpose,
The mind that no longer acknowledges dogma,
The mind that no longer maintains principles,
The mind that no longer asserts knowledge,
The mind that literally believes nothing,
The first and last freedom reigns.

Even More

Effing the ineffable, more effing the ineffable, even more effing the ineffable.
Gobbledygook, more gobbledygook, even more gobbledygook.
Human drivel, more human drivel, even more human drivel.
Mind gorp, more mind gorp, even more mind gorp.
Much ado about nothing, more much ado about nothing, even more much ado about nothing.
Dogma, more dogma, even more dogma.
Glory, more glory, even more glory.
Vanity, more vanity, even more vanity.
Chaos, more chaos, even more chaos.
Absurdity, more absurdity, even more absurdity.
Rules, more rules, even more rules.
Laws, more laws, even more laws.
Power, more power, even more power.
Fame, more fame, even more fame.
Fortune, more fortune, even more fortune.
Concepts, more concepts, even more concepts.
Done, more done, even more done.
Scourge, more scourge, even more scourge.
Mind doodles, more mind doodles, even more mind doodles.
Déjà vu, more déjà vu, even more déjà vu.
Metaphors, more metaphors, even more metaphors.
Consequences, more consequences, even more consequences.
Meaninglessness, more meaninglessness, even more meaninglessness.
Purposelessness, more purposelessness, even more purposelessness.
Me, myself, and I, more me, myself, and I, even more me, myself, and I.
Cute, more cute, even more cute.
Entitlement, more entitlement, even more entitlement.
Duh, more duh, even more duh.
Doh, more doh, even more doh.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Say whaaaat?!!, more say whaaaat?!!, even more say whaaaat?!!
Tool-making, more tool-making, even more tool-making.
Home invasion, more home invasion, even more home invasion.
Deception, more deception, even more deception.
Civilization, more civilization, even more civilization.
Savagery, more savagery, even more savagery.
Delusion, more delusion, even more delusion.
Confusion, more confusion, even more confusion.
Revenge, more revenge, even more revenge.
Forgiveness, more forgiveness, even more forgiveness.
Folderol, more folderol, even more folderol.
Be here now, more be here now, even more be here now.
Be there now, more be there now, even more be there now.
Nowhere now, more nowhere now, even more nowhere now.
Life of moi, more life of moi, even more life of moi.

End is nigh, more end is nigh, even more end is nigh.
Nowhere, more nowhere, even more nowhere.
Bragging, more bragging, even more bragging.
Dramas, more dramas, even more dramas.
Soap operas, more soap operas, even more soap operas.
Insoluble problems, more insoluble problems, even more insoluble problems.
Empowerment, more empowerment, even more empowerment.
Disempowerment, more disempowerment, even more disempowerment.
Self-absorption, more self-absorption, even more self-absorption.
Self-aggrandizement, more self-aggrandizement, even more self-aggrandizement.
Opening game, more opening game, even more opening game.
Middle game, more middle game, even more middle game.
End game, more end game, even more end game.
Projects, more projects, even more projects.
Conundrums, more conundrums, even more conundrums.
Play the gray, more play the gray, even more play the gray.
No-others, more no-others, even more no-others.
Intelligencia, more intelligencia, even more intelligencia.
Aristocracy, more aristocracy, even more aristocracy.
Plutocracy, more plutocracy, even more plutocracy.
Oligarchy, more oligarchy, even more oligarchy.
Tyranny, more tyranny, even more tyranny.
Bourgeois, more bourgeois, even more bourgeois.
Proletariat, more proletariat, even more proletariat.
Deplorables, more deplorables, even more deplorables.
Legalisms, more legalisms, even more legalisms.
Number-crunchers, more number-crunchers, even more number-crunchers.
Politicians, more politicians, even more politicians.
Lawyers, more lawyers, even more legalists.
Bureaucrats, more bureaucrats, even more bureaucrats.
Technocrats, more technocrats, even more technocrats.
Political intrigue, more political intrigue, even more political intrigue.
Philosophical babble, more philosophical babble, even more philosophical babble.
Lone ranger, more lone ranger, even more lone ranger.
Pleasure, more pleasure, even more pleasure.
Pain, more pain, even more pain.
Death, more death, even more death.
Killing, more killing, even more killing.
Desperation, more desperation, even more desperation.
Problems, more problems, even more problems.
Solutions, more solutions, even more solutions.
Answers, more answers, even more answers.
Questions, more questions, even more questions.
Punctuation, more punctuation, even more punctuation.
Words, more words, even more words.
Food, more food, even more food.
Sustenance, more sustenance, even more sustenance.
Pathos, more pathos, even more pathos.

Anguish, more anguish, even more anguish.
Tragedy, more tragedy, even more tragedy.
Joy, more joy, even more joy.
Sorrow, more sorrow, even more sorrow.
Misery, more misery, even more misery.
Grief, more grief, even more grief.
Drugs, more drugs, even more drugs.
Sickness, more sickness, even more sickness.
Technology, more technology, even more technology.
Engineering, more engineering, even more engineering.
Science, more science, even more science.
Buzz, more buzz, even more buzz.
Noise, more noise, even more noise.
Knowledge, more knowledge, even more knowledge.
Plagiarism, more plagiarism, even more plagiarism.
Civility, more civility, even more civility.
Vulgarity, more vulgarity, even more vulgarity.
Boorishness, more boorishness, even more boorishness.
Incivility, more incivility, even more incivility.
Coarseness, more coarseness, even more coarseness.
Bullying, more bullying, even more bullying.
War, more war, even more war.
Revolution, more revolution, even more revolution.
Unrest, more unrest, even more unrest.
Strife, more strife, even more strife.
Hunger, more hunger, even more hunger.
Hoitytoityville, more Hoitytoityville, even more Hoitytoityville.
Craving, more craving, even more craving.
Contentment, more contentment, even more contentment.
Planet of the Apes, more Planet of the Apes, even More Planet of the Apes.
Something happened, more something happened, even more something happened.
Serenity, more serenity, even more serenity.
Human balderdash, more human balderdash, even more human balderdash.
Eclectic, more eclectic, even more eclectic.
Mystery, more mystery, even more mystery.
Birth, more birth, even more birth.
Paths to glory, more paths to glory, even more paths to glory.
Whining, more whining, even more whining.
Pap, more pap, even more pap.
Space cadet, more space cadet, even more space cadet.
Being, more being, even more being.
Becoming, more becoming, even more becoming.
Thinking, more thinking, even more thinking.
Quietude, more quietude, even more quietude.
Desire, ore desire, even more desire.
Fear, more fear, even more fear.
Dread, more dread, even more dread.
Abyss, more abyss, even more abyss.

Serendipity, more serendipity, even more serendipity.
Illusion, more illusion, even more illusion.
Non sequitur, more non sequitur, even more non sequitur.
Endorphins, more endorphins, even more endorphins.
More, more more, even more more.
Soma, more soma, even more soma.
Babbleon, more babbleon, even more babbleon.
Twitteron, more twitteron, even more twitteron.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Twitterheads, more twitterheads, even more twitterheads.
So it goes, more so it goes, even more so it goes.
Food for words, more food for words, even more food for words.
Ineffable, more ineffable, even more ineffable.
Trees falling, more trees falling, even more trees falling.
No-mind, more no-mind, even more no-mind.
Mindless perception, more mindless perception, even more mindless perception.
Wisdom, more wisdom, even more wisdom.
Foolishness, more foolishness, even more foolishness.
Weariness, more weariness, even more weariness.
Game face, more game face, even more game face.
Practice, more practice, even more practice.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Bittersweet, more bittersweet, even more bittersweet.
Caring, more caring, even more caring.
Non-Caring, more non-caring, even more non-caring.
Sweet, more sweet, even more sweet.
Bitter, more bitter, even more bitter.
Sour, more sour, even more sour.
Smorgasbord, more smorgasbord, even more smorgasbord.
Consumption, more consumption, even more consumption.
Parochial, more parochial, even more parochial.
Cosmopolitan, more cosmopolitan, even more cosmopolitan.
Cruelty, more cruelty, even more cruelty.
Kindness, more kindness, even more kindness.
Nothing, more nothing, even more nothing.
Something, more something, even more something.
Meditation, more meditation, even more meditation.
Contemplation, more contemplation, even more contemplation.
Existence, more existence, even more existence.
Creation, more creation, even more creation.
Void, more void, even more void.
Nil, more nil, even more nil.
Naught, more naught, even more naught.
Brazen, more brazen, even more brazen.
Gold, more gold, even more gold.
Real gold, more real gold, even more real gold.
False gold, more false gold, even more false gold.
Scorn, more scorn, even more scorn.

Desolation, more desolation, even more desolation.
Things, more things, even more things.
Sounds, more sounds, even more sounds.
Sights, more sights, even more sights.
Flavors, more flavors, even more flavors.
Tastes, more tastes, even more tastes.
Smells, more smells, even more smells.
People, more people, even more people.
Nada, more nada, even more nada.
Mindful, more mindful, even more mindful.
Mindless, more mindless, even more mindless.
Wordplay, more wordplay, even more wordplay.
Numbers, more numbers, even more numbers.
Symbols, more symbols, even more symbols.
Images, more images, even more images.
Colors, more colors, even more colors.
Shades of gray, more shades of gray, even more shades of gray.
Forms, more forms, even more forms.
Formless, more formless, even more formless.
Art, more art, even more art.
History, more history, even more history.
Ivory Tower, more Ivory Tower, even more Ivory Tower.
Creativity, more creativity, even more creativity.
Preservation, more preservation, even more preservation.
Destruction, more destruction, even more destruction.
Anthropological events, more anthropological events, even more anthropological events.
Crapola, more crapola, even more crapola.
Yoke, more yoke, even more yoke.
Conversations, more conversations, even more conversations.
Habit, more habit, even more habit.
Rut, more rut, even more rut.
Patterns, more patterns, even more patterns.
Human bullshit, more human bullshit, even more human bullshit.
Human babble, more human babble, even more human babble.
Definitions, more definitions, even more definitions.
Grace, more grace, even more grace.
Perfection, more perfection, even more perfection.
Quantum consumption, more quantum consumption, even more quantum consumption.
Futility, more futility, even more futility.
Whodunit, more whodunit, even more whodunit.
Beeps, more beeps, even more beeps.
Gorging, more gorging, even more gorging.
Herd games, more herd games, even more herd games.
Berserko, more berserko, even more berserko.
Calamity, more calamity, even more calamity.
Hobbies, more hobbies, even more hobbies.
Whatchamacallits, more whatchamacallits, even more whatchamacallits.
Wallahoo, more wallahoo, even more wallahoo.

Human chatter, more human chatter, even more human chatter.
Digestion, more digestion, even more digestion.
Indigestion, more indigestion, even more indigestion.
Lies, more lies, even more lies.
Extinction, more extinction, even more extinction.
Migration, more migration, even more migration.
Yabba-dabba-doo, more Yabba-dabba-doo, even more yabba-dabba-doo.
Cleverness, more cleverness, even more cleverness.
Doubt, more doubt, even more doubt.
Quibbling, more quibbling, even more quibbling.
Contrarianism, more contrarianism, even more contrarianism.
Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.
Indivisibility, more indivisibility, even more indivisibility.
Silly as it is, more silly as it is, even more silly as it is.
Never mind, more never mind, even more never mind.
Wandering on empty, more wandering on empty, even more wandering on empty.
Obviousness, more obviousness, even more obviousness.
Translation, more translation, even more translation.
Virtue, more virtue, even more virtue.
Excellence, more excellence, even more excellence.
Areté, more arête, even more areté.
Possibilities, more possibilities, even more possibilities.
Similarities, more similarities, even more similarities.
Differences, more differences, even more differences.
Edifices, more edifices, even more edifices.
Corruption, more corruption, even more corruption.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.
Bonkers, more bonkers, even more bonkers.
Trivial pursuit, more trivial pursuit, even more trivial pursuit.
Wankers, more wankers, even more wankers.
Pedal to the metal, more pedal to the metal, even more pedal to the metal.
Aphrodisiac, more aphrodisiac, even more aphrodisiac.
Compromise, more compromise, even more compromise.
Half-baked, more half-baked, even more half-baked.
Indifference, more indifference, even more indifference.
Like, more like, even more like.
Dislike, more dislike, even more dislike.
Values, more values, even more values.
Quality, more quality, even more quality.
Shapes, more shapes, even more shapes.
Calculations, more calculations, even more calculations.
Manipulations, more manipulations, even more manipulations.
Truths, more truths, even more truths.
Order, more order, even more order.
Formlessness, more formlessness, even more formlessness.
Awareness, more awareness, even more awareness.
Small talk, more small talk, even more small talk.
Idle chatter, more idle chatter, even more idle chatter.

Great thoughts, more great thoughts, even more great thoughts.
Quackery, more quackery, even more quackery.
Dangerous toys, more dangerous toys, even more dangerous toys.
Contradiction, more contradiction, even more contradiction.
Psychosis, more psychosis, even more psychosis.
Imaginary friends, more imaginary friends, even more imaginary friends.
Decadence, more decadence, even more decadence.
Hogwash, more hogwash, even more hogwash.
Shenanigans, more shenanigans, even more shenanigans.
Babble-izing, more babble-izing, even more babble-izing.
Sentimentalizing, more sentimentalizing, even more sentimentalizing.
Gaia disrupted, more gaia disrupted, even more gaia disrupted.
Mutuality, more mutuality, even more mutuality.
Human ordeal, more human ordeal, even more human ordeal.
Figurative love, more figurative love, even more figurative love.
Literal love, more literal love, even more literal love.
Witnessing, more witnessing, even more witnessing.
Gibberish, more gibberish, even more gibberish.
Quantum mirage, more quantum mirage, even more quantum mirage.
Quantum dust, more quantum dust, even more quantum dust.
Quantum dust storm, more quantum dust storm, even more quantum dust storm.
Busy, busy, busy; more busy, busy, busy; even more busy, busy, busy.
Tangible, more tangible, even more tangible.
Intangible, more intangible, even more intangible.
Ground, more ground, even more ground.
Essence, more essence, even more essence.
Reality, more reality, even more reality.
Deceit, more deceit, even more deceit.
Past, more past, even more past.
Future, more future, even more future.
Now, more now, even more now.
Clutter, more clutter, even more clutter.
Afterthoughts, more afterthoughts, even more afterthoughts.
Dribble, more dribble, even more dribble.
Naysaying, more naysaying, even more naysaying.
Stuff, more stuff, even more stuff.
Broken, more broken, even more broken.
Strange, more strange, even more strange.
Future-past, more future-past, even more future-past.
Quantum moi, more quantum moi, even more quantum moi.
Middlemen bullshit, more middlemen bullshit, even more middlemen bullshit.
Yes, more yes, even more yes.
No, more no, even more no.
Maybe, more maybe, even more maybe.
Yes-no-maybe, more yes-no-maybe, even more yes-no-maybe.
Jeopardy, more jeopardy, even more jeopardy.
Drivel, more drivel, even more drivel.
Consumeracracy, more consumeracracy, even more consumeracracy.

Grumpy, more grumpy, even more grumpy.
Mayhem, more mayhem, even more mayhem.
Domestication, more domestication, even more domestication.
Untamable, more untamable, even more untamable.
Repentance, more repentance, even more repentance.
Et cetera, more et cetera, even more et cetera.
Ad infinitum, more ad infinitum, even more ad infinitum.
Ibidem, more ibidem, even more ibidem.
Holding on, more holding on, even more holding on.
Letting go, more letting go, even more letting go.
Dreams of glory, more dreams of glory, even more dreams of glory.
Choices, more choices, even more choices.
Round and round, more round and round, even more round and round.
Quantum dreaming, more quantum dreaming, even more quantum dreaming.
Negation, more negation, even more negation.
Evolution, more evolution, even more evolution.
Carved block, more carved block, even more carved block.
Uncarved block, more uncarved block, even more uncarved block.
Moth and flame, more moth and flame, even more moth and flame.
Unmasking, more unmasking, even more unmasking,
Zoo, more zoo, even more zoo.
Modern daze, more modern daze, even more modern daze.
Rhetoric, more rhetoric, even more rhetoric.
Attributes, more attributes, even more attributes.
Passè, more passé, even more passé.
Wear and tear, more wear and tear, even more wear and tear.
Pain and suffering, more pain and suffering, even more pain and suffering.
Tabula rasa, more tabula rasa, even more tabula rasa.
Beauty, more beauty, even more beauty.
Plain, more plain, even more plain.
Ugly, more ugly, even more ugly.
In-spades, more in-spades, even more in-spades.
Toying with history, more toying with history, even more toying with history.
Change, more change, even more change.
Changeless, more changeless, even more changeless.
Babblespeak, more babblespeak, even more babblespeak.
Nadaville, more nadaville, even more nadaville.
Breathless absurdity, more breathless absurdity, even more breathless absurdity.
Introspection, more introspection, even more introspection.
Extrapolation, more extrapolation, even more extrapolation.
Nuances, more nuances, even more nuances.
Unborn-undy, more unborn-undy, even more unborn-undying.
Endeavor, more endeavor, even more endeavor.
Now and then, more now and then, even more now and then.
Good news, more good news, even more good news.
Bad news, more bad news, even more bad news.
Ugly news, more ugly news, even more ugly news.
Enough, more than enough, even more than enough.

Enough already, more enough already, even more enough already.
Undone again, more undone again, even more undone again.
Quantum fare, more quantum fare, even more quantum fare.
Quantum faire, more quantum faire, even more quantum faire.
World weariness, more world weariness, even more world weariness.
Cheerleading, more cheerleading, even more cheerleading.
Laziness, more laziness, even more laziness.
Humility, more humility, even more humility.
False humility, more false humility, even more false humility.
Life, more life, even more life.
Tribalism, more tribalism, even more tribalism.
Buddhaspeak, more buddhaspeak, even more buddhaspeak.
Passionate mind, more passionate mind, even more passionate mind.
Leftovers, more leftovers, even more leftovers.
One-liners, more one-liners, even more one-liners.
Soundbites, more soundbites, even more soundbites.
Assumptions, more assumptions, even more assumptions.
Sensations, more sensations, even more sensations.
Perceptions, more perceptions, even more perceptions.
Debacles, more debacles, even more debacles.
Connections, more connections, even more connections.
Effort, more effort, even more effort.
Gerrymandering, more gerrymandering, even more gerrymandering.
Accumulation, more accumulation, even more accumulation.
Discarding, more discarding, even more discarding.
Dittoheads, more dittoheads, even more dittoheads.
Absurdity and horror, more absurdity and horror, even more absurdity and horror.
Might makes right, more might makes right, even more might makes right.
Peter Pan, more Peter Pan, even more Peter Pan.
Pitter-patter, more pitter-patter, even more pitter-patter.
Meaningless chatter, more meaningless chatter, even more meaningless chatter.
Complacency, more complacency, even more complacency.
Hoarding, more hoarding, even more hoarding.
Travels, more travels, even more travels.
Adventures, more adventures, even more adventures.
Journeys, more journeys, even more journeys.
Rumination, more rumination, even more rumination.
Samsara, more samsara, even more samsara.
Smoke, more smoke, even more smoke.
Soundless, more soundless, even more soundless.
Other, more other, even more other.
Bullshit, more bullshit, even more bullshit.
Smoke and mirrors, more smoke and mirrors, even more smoke and mirrors.
Double entendre, more double entendre, even more double entendre.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
Herd shit, more herd shit, even more herd shit.
Dabbling, more dabbling, even more dabbling.
Whatthe#$*!, more whatthe#$*!, even more whatthe#$*!

Research needed, more research needed, even more research needed.
Squawking, more squawking, even more squawking.
Charades, more charades, even more charades.
Habitual thinking, more habitual thinking, even more habitual thinking.
Games, more games, even more games.
Surrender, more surrender, even more surrender.
Go, more go, even more go.
Hubris, more hubris, even more hubris.
Stop, more stop, even more stop.
Yield, more yield, even more yield.
Social distancing, more social distancing, even more social distancing.
Breeding, more breeding, even more breeding.
Aimlessness, more aimlessness, even more aimlessness.
Diminishment, more diminishment, even more diminishment.
Bleak ends, more bleak ends, even more bleak ends.
Regurgitation, more regurgitation, even more regurgitation.
Grand theater, more grand theater, even more grand theater.
Embracing oblivion, more embracing oblivion, even more embracing oblivion.
Chatter, more chatter, even more chatter.
Lists, more lists, even more lists.
Roshambo, more roshambo, even more roshambo.
Finicky, more finicky, even more finicky.
Names and faces, more names and faces, even more names and faces.
Myths and legends, more myths and legends, even more myths and legends.
Progress, more progress, even more progress.
Bottom-feeders, more bottom-feeders, even more bottom-feeders.
Suffering, more suffering, even more suffering.
Moronic, more moronic, even more moronic.
Natural selection, more natural selection, even more natural selection.
Unnatural selection, more unnatural selection, even more unnatural selection.
Capitulation, more capitulation, even more capitulation.
Inner dialogue, more inner dialogue, even more inner dialogue.
Plagiarization, more plagiarization, even more plagiarization.
Duplication, more duplication, even more duplication.
Observation, more observation, even more observation.
Bitter brew, more bitter brew, even more bitter brew.
Mumbo-jumbo, more mumbo-jumbo, even more mumbo-jumbo.
Foul purpose, more foul purpose, even more foul purpose.
Pandora, more pandora, even more pandora.
Storytelling, more storytelling, even more storytelling.
Human concoction, more human concoction, even more human concoction.
Conceptual fray, more conceptual fray, even more conceptual fray.
God-eat-god, more god-eat-god, even more god-eat-god.
Nothing less, more nothing less, even more nothing less.
Nothing more, more nothing more, even more nothing more.
Nothing but, more nothing but, even more nothing but.
Splinters, more splinters, even more splinters.
Selfie madness, more selfie madness, even more selfie madness.

Watching, more watching, even more watching.
Hysteria, more hysteria, even more hysteria.
Perspectives, more perspectives, even more perspectives.
Holy shit, more holy shit, even more holy shit.
Trial and error, more trial and error, even more trial and error.
Inner narration, more inner narration, even more inner narration.
Genomic sequencing, more genomic sequencing, even more genomic sequencing.
Human poppycock, more human poppycock, even more human poppycock.
Subtlety, more subtlety, even more subtlety.
Titles, more titles, even more titles.
Travesty, more travesty, even more travesty.
Irrationality, more irrationality, even more irrationality.
Banality, more banality, even more banality.
Naps, more naps, even more naps.
Processing, more processing, even more processing.
Dittyfesting, more dittyfesting, even more dittyfesting.
Mirages, more mirages, even more mirages.
Dreamtime, more dreamtime, even more dreamtime.
Discord, more discord, even more discord.
Dissipation, more dissipation, even more dissipation.
Distrust, more distrust, even more distrust.
Disgust, more disgust, even more disgust.
Development, more development, even more development.
Distraction, more distraction, even more distraction.
Terror, more terror, even more terror.
Gossip, more gossip, even more gossip.
Nagging, more nagging, even more nagging.
Already forgotten, more already forgotten, even more already forgotten.
Torture, more torture, even more torture.
Just being, more just being, even more just being.
Doofus, more doofus, even more doofus.
Stepping back, more stepping back, even more stepping back.
Sweet surrender, more sweet surrender, even more sweet surrender.
Celebration, more celebration, even more celebration.
Boogaloo, more boogaloo, even more boogaloo.
Nostalgia, more nostalgia, even more nostalgia.
Empty chatter, more empty chatter, even more empty chatter.
Phases, more phases, even more phases.
Hurt, more hurt, even more hurt.
Zip, more zip, even more zip.
Moving on, more moving on, even more moving on.
Pollyanna, more pollyanna, even more pollyanna.
Hidden treasure, more hidden treasure, even more hidden treasure.
Yada yada, more yada yada, even more yada yada.
Intensity, more intensity, even more intensity.
Revelations, more revelations, even more revelations.
Preening, more preening, even more preening.
Chaff, more chaff, even more chaff.

Hooey balooey, more hooey balooey, even more hooey balooey.
Tales of woe, more tales of woe, even more tales of woe.
Middlemen, more middlemen, even more middlemen.
Menus, more menus, even more menus.
Puny thinking, more puny thinking, even more puny thinking.
Fluff, more fluff, even more fluff.
Sisyphus, more Sisyphus, even more Sisyphus.
Joyful curmudgeon, more joyful curmudgeon, even more joyful curmudgeon.
Memories, more memories, even more memories.
Wordsmithing, more wordsmithing, even more wordsmithing.
Reflections, more reflections, even more reflections.
Magical thinking, more magical thinking, even more magical thinking.
Gods, more gods, even more gods.
Deities, more deities, even more deities.
Impressions, more impressions, even more impressions.
Th-th-th-that's all folks, more th-th-th-that's all folks, even more th-th-th-that's all folks.

The Steeping of Wisdom

Wisdom is the distillation of experience,
All must begin in ignorance, and in that innocence,
Wander through every variety of adventure and misadventure,
Slowly steeping into whatever persona, the nature-nurture has designated.
The rare few who articulate into sages, may one day find themselves hailed upon a stage,
Or anonymous in a plaza, a coffee shop, a bar, a taxi, or any given street corner,
Recounting their long and winding journey upon the trail less travelled,
Spinning, whatever wisdom, whatever truths, they have gleaned.
It is not a calling, for which there is all that much demand,
But in retrospect, was there ever really any choice?

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Imagination is the usurper of the perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time, and contrived mind into every permutation of Self, imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

What Need?

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what You are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is You.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind,
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

Boggling and Beyond

All the ever-issuing, ever-kaleidoscoping dynamics;
All the beyond-counting causes and effects, effects and causes;
All the influences, all the elements, all the circumstances, all the features;
All the factors, parts, aspects, issues, things, considerations, components, motivations,
That have led to this point in this dreamy mirage of space and time;
Will never be, even by speculation, known.
Boggling and beyond.

A Solitary Inquiry

The truth of awareness, the truth of what You truly are,
Is the ever-present moment, awaiting your untarnished discernment.
Mindsets across this dream world, may point to it, may ascribe many dogmas to it,
But none, in any way, have any ownership of it, or of your direct perception, of its indelible mystery.
You are indeed very much alone, in your inquiry into the essential, immortal nature.
Put behind any who would deny, any who would limit your quest.

So Many, So Many

So many distractions, so many smokescreens, so many mirages, so many reflections.
So many interruptions, diversions, desperations, disruptions, commotions,
Disturbances, interferences, entertainments, hobbies, pastimes,
Amusements, recreations, anxieties, bewilderments,
Confusions, agitations, troubles, upsets,
Cover-ups, concealments,
Covers, camouflages, screens, masks,
Blinds, decoys, red herrings, disguises, likenesses,
Facades, considerations, indications, signs, musings, replications,
Reproductions, thoughts, figments, contemplations, deliberations, echoes, images,
Manifestations, ruminations, suggestions, expressions, evidences, illusions, visions, signals, fantasies.
So many delusions, so many hallucinations, so many phantasms, so many imaginings.
So much anything, so much everything, all of which keep You from seeing,
How empty and meaningless, this dream ultimately truly is.

The Story of the Narrative

The narrative begins, the characters appear.
The narrative advances, the characters develop.
The narrative suspends, the characters endure or die.
The narrative resolves, the characters connect or separate.
The narrative ends, the characters bow, the audience applauds.
And then the critics spew, about things, most could never begin to do.

All That Can Never Be Known

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is this ephemeral phenomenon, called will?
Such an intangible, dynamic force, to have emerged from this mystical-magical garden of creation.
How did it all come about in the African jungles of long ago? What will be its reckoning?
So many questions, so many answers, that no one can ever more than speculations.
We may scrape away ceaselessly at the flotsam and jetsam of remains,
Or ponder the tides and ripples, any given now is creating,
But ever come away with little or nothing more,
Than half-baked ironies and paradoxes.

The Cotton Candy of Imagination

Every new day begins with the mind's slumbering dream-state, churning into its waking version,
In which it re-conceives, its imaginary perception of its world, of its universe,
Conjured by the conditioning of its nature-nurture mirage.
The dream-state, into which You awoke at age two,
Is not the dream-state, You awoke to, at age ten or fifteen or thirty,
Nor will it, can it, ever be same at any age, before Charon arrives to collect his coin.
You are but a dreamer, dreaming, and that reverie, no matter how real or true You believe it to be,
Is ultimately nothing more, than the momentary cotton candy, of time-bound imagination.

Just Do It

For at least brief stretches of time, every once in a while,
Both within and without – subdue all thought, refrain from all wordplay.
Let the temporal, imaginary self, go, and just be the ever-present awareness, You truly are.
Call it meditation, call it contemplation, call it whatever sound You please.
Sit, stand, recline, walk, sprint, dance; it does not matter.
No need to formalize that which has no form.
Be … here … now … Just do it.

The Church of Reason

The Ivory Tower, is not a tower, nor is it made of ivory, and whatever it is,
The Church of Reason is as full of pride and vanity as any other human endeavor.
As Robert Pirsig so powerfully wrote in the Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance:
The real University is a state of mind. It is that great heritage of rational thought that has been
Brought down to us through the centuries and which does not exist at any specific location.
It is a state of mind which is regenerated throughout the centuries by a body of people,
Who traditionally carry the title of professor, but even that title is not part of the real University.
The real University is nothing less than the continuing body of reason itself.

The Totality of Fitness

Physical fitness is much more than just strength.
Concepts that also apply: stamina, coordination, dexterity, flexibility,
Quickness, swiftness, alertness, agility, nimbleness, reflexes suppleness, balance, energy, acuity,
Resourcefulness, gumption, grit, potency, vigor, liveliness, momentum, drive,
Dynamic, adroitness, grace, poise, will-power, self-assurance,
Vitality, verve, well-being, wit, and spirit.

The One and Only Real You

The imaginary you, is a function of arbitrary consciousness.
Consciousness, is a function of the quantum synergy.
The quantum, is a function of the still awareness.
Awareness, is a function of the ageless eternity.
Eternity, is a function of the inscrutable mystery.
All of which, comes full circle, back to the real You.

A Cosmic Hoax

You are in truth, nothing more than a random,
Arbitrary, insignificant, timeless smidgeon of consciousness,
A happenstance of the awareness, permeating the electromagnetic spectrum.
Your inflated notions, are nothing more than a cosmic hoax,
To which You are, in imagination, tethered.

The Insipidity of Vanity and Greed

To all the aristocrats, the plutocrats, the oligarchs, the tyrants, the despots, the oppressors,
No, despite all your power, all your wealth, all your titles, all your vain assertions,
You are not necessarily the best, nor the brightest, nor the most beautiful.
In fact, You might well be mortified, how pathetic You appear,
To those who see You, and your ceaseless self-absorption, for what is truly is.

The Indivisible Moment

How quickly everything becomes its memory.
From all beginnings to all ends, from your beginning to your end,
Everything perpetually, everlastingly, enduringly, immutably, immortally, done and undone.
Everything patterned, everything fated, everything destined, everything kismet.
Change, nothing more than imaginary, sensory-inspired notion.
A quantum dreamer, dreaming a quantum design.
Every moment instantaneously, simultaneously indivisible.

Every Once in a While

No need to allow the raucous world into your mind, at least not all the time.
No need for all those piddling footprints, all those this's and that's,
To always be wandering helter-skelter, muddling things up,
Causing all sorts of bother, both within and without.
Give your Self a timeout, a rest, a breather,
At least now and again, in the every once in a while.

The Jungle in the Monkey

History is replete with rebels of every shade.
To stand alone is nothing new under this star's steady gaze.
They have provoked many adjustments, set the course many new directions,
But have any, ever fundamentally rewritten the startup source code, of the human paradigm?
Have any, ever even once, managed to get the jungle out of the monkey?
History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

An Unshakable Paradigm

What is perception, what is thought, what is imagination, but lightning storms in the cranium,
Given whatever meaning and purpose, the winds of nature-nurture have determined.
Call it conditioning, call it habituation, call it teaching, call it programming,
Call it patterning, call it imitating, call it copying, call it designing,
Call it indoctrination, call it domestication, call it brainwashing, call it whatever.
It is what it is, and we as a species have played out, and will always play out, the same paradigm.

The Interminable Unknown

Any given cosmos is but a quantum weaving, an inexplicable mystery,
To which all minds bent on inquiry, on examination, on investigation, on analysis,
Must ever waggle their pontificating domes in interminable wonder, that all their conclusions,
All their deductions, all their assumptions, all their inferences, all their suppositions,
Are really nothing more than inconsequential, meaningless speculation.
Even the most brilliant, astute minds, must ultimately realize,
There are ever so many things never to be known.

Of Claims and Assertions

Consciousness is ever fabricating one imaginary more-more-more or another.
Whether tangible or intangible, the indivisible quantum space and time matrix-theater,
Can never be more than a kaleidoscoping light and sound show,
No matter the claim, no matter the assertion.

A Brief and Hollow Dream

Be the indelible mystery of your all-but-infinite universe and its immeasurable unknown.
Be all it is, and is not, from its intangible beginning, to its intangible ending,
And from its intangible before, to its intangible after, as well.
This little mind-body and its fabricated identity,
To which You are so vainly attached,
Is but a very brief, a very hollow dream.

The Ubiquitous Moment

All creation is really as modern as it is ancient; all creation is really as ancient as it is modern.
The relativity of the dreamtime You are streamlessly witnessing, and believing so real,
Is tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of years, both ago and hence.
Each and every part and particle very much eternally ever-present,
In all the incalculable pasts, all the incalculable futures, that the indelible awareness,
In every way and shape and manner, simultaneously permeates, in this indivisible quantum theater.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.